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THE GIFT OF
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MAYOR of GARRAT,
Act 1. Sc. 1.

Hulton del. Printed for J. Parsons, 21 Paternoster Row April 1794 Grignion sc.

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THE

MINOR THEATRE:

Being a Collection of the most approved

Farces, Operas, and Comedies,

IN

ONE, TWO, AND THREE ACTS.

WITH SOME

ACCOUNT OF THE RESPECTIVE AUTHORS.

VOLUME THE FIFTH

CONTAINS

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT,
THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS,
THE ENGLISHMAN RETURN'D FROM PARIS,
THE ORATORS,
AND
THE PATRON.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, No 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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THE MAYOR OF GARRATT.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL HAY-MARKET.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, No 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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THE MAYOR OF GARRATT.

THIS diverting comedy came from the pen of Mr. Samuel Foote; and at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket, in the year 1763, it was first brought before the Town.

Major Sturgeon was meant to expose to deserved ridicule a well-known fishmonger, and a man of war, of boasting memory. The character was allowed to be drawn with spirit and point; nor was the satirist less happy in exhibiting his picture on the stage, than he had been successful in preparing it for that end, in the study.

In the Major, of the Elder Bannister, that veteran of the scene, presents his audience with a fine imitation of Foote's voice and manner.

The Jerry Sneak, of his son, is, beyond comparison, the best the stage has witnessed since the days of poor Tom Weston.

25th March. T. B.

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Dramatis Personae.

HAY-MARKET.

		Men.
Sir Jacob Jollup,	-	Mr. WALDRON
Major Sturgeon,	-	Mr. BANNISTER
Jerry Sneak,	-	Mr. J. BANNISTER
Crispin Heel-tap,	-	Mr. BURTON
Bruin,	-	Mr. BENSON
Lint,	-	Mr. LEDGER
Roger,	-	Mr. WALDRON, jun.
Snuffle,	-	Mr. LYONS
Matthew Mug,	-	Mr. EVATT.
		Women.
Mrs. Sneak,	-	Mrs. WEBB
Mrs. Bruin,	-	Mrs. BOOTH.

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THE MAYOR OF GARRATT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Sir Jacob's house at Garratt.*

Enter Sir JACOB.

Sir Jacob.

ROGER—

Enter ROGER.

Rog. Anan, Sir—

Sir Jac. Sir, sirrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you rascal? Is that all your manners? Has his Majesty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Rog. Nic Goose the taylor from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

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Sir Jac. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Rog. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then give me the key: the mob will soon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Rog. Yes Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob. [*Exit Rog.*

Sir Jac. So, now I believe things are pretty secure; but I can't think what makes my daughters so late ere they—— [*Knocking at the Gate.* Who is that, Roger?

Rog. (*without.*) Master Lint the pottercarrier, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Let him in. What the deuse can he want?

Enter LINT.

Sir Jac. Well, Master Lint, your will?

Lint. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to inquire after your health and partly, as I may say, to settle the business of the day.

Sir Jac. What business?

Lint. Your worship knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which

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case, maims, bruises, contusions, dislocations, fractures simple and compound, may likely ensue: now your worship need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopolist, or vender of drugs, but likewise chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir Jac. True, Master Lint, and equally skilful in both.

Lint. It is your worship's pleasure to say so, Sir Jacob. Is it your worship's will that I lend a ministring hand to the maim'd?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Lint. And to whom must I bring in my bill?

Sir Jac. Doubtless the vestry.

Lint. Your worship knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to physic the parish-poor by the great: but this must be a separate charge.

Sir Jac. No, no; all under one: come, Master Lint, don't be unreasonable.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearness of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get salt to my porridge.

Sir Jac. Bad this year, better the next.—We must take things rough and smooth as they run.

Lint. Indeed I have a very hard bargain.

Sir Jac. No such matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better instructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illness was very expensive; but now physic is cheaper than food.

Lint. Marry, heaven forbid!

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Sir Jac. No, no; your essences, elixirs, emetics, sweats, drops, and your pastes, and your pills, have silenc'd your pestles and mortars. Why, a fever that would formerly have cost you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

Lint. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And then as to your scurvies, and gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions, coughs and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as sound as a roach.

Lint. Nostrums.

Sir Jac. Specifics, specifics, Master Lint.

Lint. I am very sorry to find a man of your worship's——Sir Jacob, a promoter of puffs; an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names—Roger, bring me the news—not a soul of them but is either P. L. or M. D.

Lint. Plaguy liars; murderous dogs.

ROGER *brings the News.*

Sir Jac. Liars! Here, look at the list of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, spinster.

Lint. Perjuries.

Sir Jac. And see here, the churchwardens have signed it.

Lint. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Sworn, before the worshipful Mr. Justice Drowsy, this thirteenth day of—

Lint. Forgery.

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Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, sirrah, do you think Mr. Justice Drowsy would set his hand to a forgery?

Lint. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; she has been cured of fifty diseases in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

Sir Jac. You impudent—

Lint. Of a dropsy, by West—

Sir Jac. Audacious—

Lint. A cancer by Cleland—

Sir Jac. Arrogant—

Lint. A palsy, by Walker—

Sir Jac. Impertinent—

Lint. Gout and sciatic, by Rock—

Sir Jac. Insolent—

Lint. Consumption, by Stevens's drops—

Sir Jac. Paltry—

Lint. And squinting by the Chevalier Taylor.—

Sir Jac. Pill-gilding puppy!

Lint. And as to the justice, so the affidavit brings him a shilling—

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, rascal, how dare you abuse the commission?—You blood-letting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, blistering, glistering—

Lint. Bless me, Sir Jacob, I did not think to—

Sir Jac. What, sirrah, do you insult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him—Turn him out.

Lint. Sir as I hope to be—

Sir Jac. Away with him. You scoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd send you this instant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty pass indeed, if

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after all my reading in Wood, and Nelson, and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, sessions, petty and quarter; if after settling of rates, licensing ale-houses, and committing of vagrants—But all respect to authority is lost, and *Unus Quorum*, now-a-days, is no more regarded than a petty constable. (*Knocking.*) Roger, see who is at the gate? Why, the fellow is deaf.

Rog. Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

Sir Jac. Gad's my life! and Major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter Major STURGEON.

Sir Jac. I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, Major Sturgeon.

Maj. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dared to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

Maj. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

Sir Jac. No, no, he wanted the Major more than the Magistrate; a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose.—— Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum and squeaking fife now wound our ears no more.

Maj. True, Sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied, so the French may sleep in security.

Sir Jac. But, Major, was it not rather late in life, for you, to enter upon the profession of arms?

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Maj. A little aukward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was to get me to turn out my toes; but use—use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir Jac. No!

Maj. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self—And yet we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. No doubt.

Maj. Oh such marchings and counter-marchings! from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge: The dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off Major Molossas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

Sir Jac. How came that about?

Maj. Why, it was partly the Major's own fault: I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir Jac. Spirit; zeal for the service.

Maj. Doubtless—But to proceed: In order to get our men in good spirits, we were quarter'd at Thistleworth the evening before; at day-break, our regiment form'd at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine disposition: on we march'd, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning

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down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig's stye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and at all events secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop: on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir Jac. Terrible!

Maj. The Major's horse took to his heels; away he scour'd over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the Major a dowse in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

Sir Jac. Dreadful!

Maj. Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month——Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir Jac. As how?

Maj. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Patty-Pan, Ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green stage, we were stopp'd near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robb'd and stripp'd by a footpad.

Sir Jac. An unfortunate day indeed!

Maj. But in some measure to make me amends, I got the Major's commission.

Sir Jac. You did.

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Maj. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwise we always succeeded of course: no jumping over heads; no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir Jac. Quiet and peaceable.

Maj. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three Compasses in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at all-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

Sir Jac. Why, that was mere mutiny; the Captain ought to have been broke.

Maj. He was: for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom; and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

Sir Jac. But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas?

Maj. In part only: no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was trained up to arms from his youth: at sixteen he trail'd a pike in the artillery-ground; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, alderman, and colonel of the Yellow.

Sir Jac. A rapid rise!

Maj. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice. I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines: so after shop was shut up at night, he us'd

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to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Your progress was great?

Maj. Amazing. In a week, I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month, I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir Jac. A perfect Hannibal!

Maj. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions and revolutions: Let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

Sir Jac. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

Maj. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus*.

Sir Jac. Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the best disciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

Maj. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to say; but lack-a-day, they have never seen any service—Holiday soldiers! Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

Sir Jac. Indeed!

Maj. No: soldiers for sun-shine, Cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *Jenny sequoi* that—Oh, could you but see me salute: You have never a spontoon in the house?

Sir Jac. No; but we could get a shove-pike.

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Maj. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak and the lovely Mrs. Bruin: is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir Jac. Oh ho, now the murder is out; this visit was intended for them: come, own now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry!

Maj. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no resisting a red coat.

Sir Jac. True, true, Major.

Maj. But that is now all over with me. "Fare-"well to the plumed steeds and neighing troops," as the black man says in the play; like the Roman censurer, I shall retire to my savin field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir Jac. Under the shade of your laurels.

Maj. True; I have done with the major, and now return to the majistrate; *Cedunt arma togge.*

Sir Jac. Still in the service of your country.

Maj. True; man was not made for himself; and so, thinking that this would prove a busy day in the justicing way, I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

Sir Jac. Done like a neighbour.

Maj. I have brought, as I suppose most of our business will be in the battery way, some warrants and mittimuses ready fill'd up, with all but the ames of the parties, in order to save time.

Sir Jac. A provident magistrate.

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Maj. Pray, how shall we manage as to the article of swearing; for I reckon we shall have oaths as plenty as hops.

Sir Jac. Why, with regard to that branch of our business to-day, I believe the law must be suffer'd to sleep.

Maj. I should think we might pick up something that's pretty that way.

Sir Jac. No; poor rascals, they would not be able to pay; and as to the stocks, we should never find room for their legs.

Maj. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrowbone, the butcher of your town, living or dead?

Sir Jac. Living.

Maj. And swears as much as he used?

Sir Jac. An alter'd man, Major; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

Maj. You surprise me; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—And quite chang'd?

Sir Jac. Entirely: they say his wife has made him a methodist, and that he preaches at Kennington Common.

Maj. What a deal of mischief those rascals do in the country!—Why then we have entirely lost him?

Sir Jac. In that way; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him last week for a couple of bastards.

Maj. Well done, Master Matthew—But pray now, Sir Jacob— [*Mob without, huzza!*

Sir Jac. What's the matter now, Roger?

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Enter ROGER.

Rog. The electors desire to know if your worship has any body to recommend?

Sir Jac. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I shan't interfere.

Rog. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heel-tap the cobler's being returning officer?

Sir Jac. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober. Is he there?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob: make way there; stand farther off from the gate: here is Madam Sneak in a chair along with her husband.

Maj. Gad's so, you will permit me to convoy her in. [*Exit Major.*

Sir Jac. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billinsgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of his element; the soldier has quite demolish'd the citizen.

Enter Mrs. SNEAK, *handed by the* MAJOR.

Mrs. Sneak. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad—Jerry, Jerry Sneak—Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, Jerry Sneak! I say—

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Enter SNEAK, *with a band-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal, &c. &c. &c.*

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs. Sneak. Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall; and then go and look after the horse. Are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise?

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs. Sneak. Then give me my fan.

[*Jerry drops the things in searching his pocket for the fan,*

Mrs. Sneak. Did ever mortal see such a—I declare, I am quite asham'd to be seen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy: Good day to my father-in-law.

Sir Jac. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: but where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but just step into the alley to gather how tickets were sold.

Sir Jac. Very well, son Sneak. [*Exit Sneak.*

Mrs. Sneak. Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

'*Sir. Jac.* I hope all for the best: why, what 'terrible work there would have been, had you 'married such a one as your sister; one house could 'never have contain'd you.—Now, I thought this 'meek mate—

'*Mrs. Sneak.* Meek! a mushroom, a milksop.'

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Sir Jac. Look ye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster.

[*Exit Sir Jacob.*

Mrs. Sneak. Monster! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse. Had my kind stars, indeed, allotted me a military man, I should doubtless have deported myself in a beseemingly manner.

Maj. Unquestionably, Madam.

Mrs. Sneak. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Maj. I should have been too happy.

Mrs. Sneak. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army: they are all so brave, so polite, so every thing a woman can wish—

Maj. Oh! Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. So elegant, so genteel, so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a major?

Maj. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, Madam.

Mrs. Sneak. I know it, good Sir. Oh! I am no stranger to what I have miss'd.

Maj. Oh, Madam!—Let me die but she has infinite merit. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Sneak. Then to be join'd to a sneaking slovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful pin-maker!

Maj. Melancholy!—

Mrs. Sneak To be jostled and cramm'd with the crow'd; no respect, no place, no precedence; to be

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choak'd with the smoke of the city; no country jaunts but to Islington; no balls but at Pewterer's-hall.

Maj. Intolerable!

Mrs. Sneak. I see, Sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

Maj. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

Mrs. Sneak. Gallant gentleman!

Maj. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs. Sneak. Intrepid Major!

Maj. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

Mrs. Sneak. Obliging commander!

Maj. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. Sneak. Sir—

Maj. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand.

Mrs. Sneak. You have a righ to all we can grant.

Maj. Courteous, condescending, complying—Hum—ha!

Enter SNEAK.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs. Sneak. I wish they had all been sous'd in the Thames—A prying, impertinent puppy!

Maj. Next time I will clap a centinel to secure the door.

Mrs. Sneak. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

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Maj. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

Mrs. Sneak. Ladyship! he is the very Broglio and Bellisle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. Sneak. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone? is that your manners, you mongrel?

Maj. Oh, Madam, I can never be alone; your sweat idera will be my constant companion.

Mrs. Sneak. Mark that: I am sorry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Maj. Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. Especially with such a wretched companion.

Maj. Oh, Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. But as soon as my dress is restor'd, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Maj. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs. Sneak. Courteous commander!

Maj. Parragon of women!

Mrs. Sneak. Adieu!

Maj. Adieu! [*Exit Mrs. Sneak.*

Sneak. Notwithstanding, Sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Maj. I doubt not, Mr. Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday night to our club, at the Nagg's-Head in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith: There's Jemmy Perkins the packer, little Tom Simkins the grocer, honest master Muzzle the midwife—

Maj. A goodly company!

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Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the Choice Spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny: I have learnt myself to sing "An old woman clothed in gray." But I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says as how I bawl worser than the broom-man.

Maj. And you must not think of disobliging your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

Maj. That's right: she is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O a power! And don't you think she is very pretty withal?

Maj. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, werry like Wenus—Mayhap you have known her some time?

Maj. Long.

Sneak. Belike before she was married?

Maj. I did, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance by your kissing her hand; for we ben't quite so familiar as that—But, then, indeed we han't been married a year.

Maj. The mere honey-moon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

Bruin. (*within.*) Come along, Jane; why, you are as pursy and lazy, you jade—

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Enter BRUIN *and* WIFE: BRUIN *with a cotton cap on; his wife with his wig, great coat, and fishing-rod.*

Bruin. Come, Jane, give me my wig: you slut, how you have tousled the curls; Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble servant unknown.

Enter ROGER.

Rog. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the Major.

Maj. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. (*Exit Major.*) A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk across the fields.

Mrs. Bruin. Good Lord, I am all in a muck—

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, hussy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secur'd the stage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed—

Mrs. Bruin. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

Bruin. And so he may; but I know better what to do with my money: Indeed if the war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha' been done; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

Mrs. Bruin. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

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Mrs. Bruin. And pray, who is more fitterer to be trusted?

Bruin. Hey-day! Why, the wench is bewitch'd: Come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.—But first see if he has broke none of the pipes—And, d'ye hear, Jane, be sure lay the fishing-rod safe.

[*Exit Mrs. Bruin.*

Sneak. Od's me, how finely she's manag'd! What would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think so? She is a sweet pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak. Why, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil. O Lord, I lead the life of a dog. Why she allows me but two shilling a-week for my pocket.

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis she that receives and pays all: and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would souse them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durst not—And then at table I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of turkeys, and the damn'd fat flaps

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of shoulders of mutton. I don't think I have eat a bit of undercrust since we have been married. You see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton!

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin: God, I would so curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the Lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Why, then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to—

Mrs. Sneak. (within.) Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. Gad's my life, sure as a gun that's her voice! Look ye, brother, I don't choose to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. Sneak. (within.) Jerry! Jerry!

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Well, if I don't—I wish—

Mrs. Sneak. (within.) Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as fast as I can—Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead! [*Exit Sneak.*

Bruin. Ex quovis linguo: who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear?

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Enter Sir JACOB.

Sir Jac. Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man; we have but just time for a snack: the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean-spirited—Damn it, before I would submit to such a—

Sir Jac. Come, come, man; don't be so crusty.

Bruin. I follow, Sir Jacob. Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine—Jerry, Jerry—Zounds, I would Jerry and Jerk her too. [*Exit.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.

Scene continues.

Sir JACOB, *Major* STURGEON, *Mr. and Mrs.* BRUIN, *Mr. and Mrs.* SNEAK, *discovered.*

Mrs. Sneak.

INDEED, Major, not a grain of curiosity! Can it be thought that we, who have a lord-mayor's show every year, can take any pleasure in this?

Maj. In time of war, madam, these meetings are not amiss, I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits; but in these piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

Sir Jac. It would, Major, cost me my popularity to quash it: the common people are as fond of their customs as the barons were of their *Magna Charta:* besides, my tenants make some little advantage.

Enter ROGER.

Rog. Crispin Heel-tap, with the electors, are set out from the Adam and Eve.

Sir Jac. Gad so, then they will soon be upon us: Come, good folks, the balcony will give us the best view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

Maj. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

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'*Sir Jac*, I can tell you, this Heel-tap is an arch
'rascal—

'*Sneak*. And plays the best game at cribbage in
'the whole corporation of Garratt.

'*Mrs. Sneak*. That puppy will always be a chat-
'tering.

'*Sneak*. Nay, I did but—

'*Mrs. Sneak*. Hold your tongue, or I'll send you
'home in an instant—

'*Sir Jac*. Pr'ythee, daughter!—You may to-day,
'Major, meet with something that will put you in
'mind of more important transactions.

'*Maj*. Perhaps so.

'*Sir Jac*. Lack-a-day, all men are alike; their
'principles exactly the same: for though art and
'education may disguise or polish the manner, the
'same motives and springs are universally planted.

'*Maj*. Indeed!

'*Sir Jac*. Why, in this mob, this group of ple-
'beians, you will meet with materials to make a
'Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæsar: let them but
'change conditions, and the world's great lord had
'been but the best wrestler on the green.

'*Maj*. Ay, ay; I could have told these things
'formerly; but since I have been in the army, I
'have entirely neglected the classes.

'*Mob without huzza*.

'*Sir Jac*. But the heroes are at hand, Major.

Sneak. Father Sir Jacob, might we not have a tankard of stingo above?

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Sir Jac. By all means.

Sneak. D'ye hear, Roger—

[*Exeunt into the balcony.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter MOB, *with* HEEL-TAP *at their Head*; *some crying, A Goose*; *others, A Mug*; *others, A Primmer.*

Heel. Silence there; silence.

1st Mob. Hear neighbour Heel-tap.

2d Mob. Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3d Mob. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin: he will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel. Why then, silence, I say.

All. Silence.

Heel. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1st Mob. Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All. No, no, no.

Heel. Silence then, and keep the peace; what, is there no respect paid to authority? am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by Sir Jacob?

All. True, true.

Heel. Well then, be silent and civil: Stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters. Where's Simon Snuffle the sexton?

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Snuf. Here.

Heel. Let him come forward; we appoint him our secretary: for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3d Mob. Room for master Snuffle.

Heel. Here, stand by me; and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but, first, your reverence to the lord of the manor; a long life and a merry one to our landlord Sir Jacob! huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin?

Heel. Servant, Master Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them. Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuf. "To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient "corporation of Garratt: Gentlemen, your votes "and interest are humbly requested in favour of "Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy "mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the said office, "he being——

Heel. This Goose is but a kind of gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel: who is he?

Snuf. A journeyman taylor from Putney.

Heel. A journeyman taylor! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D'ye consider,

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neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burden for the back of a porter? and can you think that this cross-legg'd cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it?

1st Mob. No Goose! no Goose!

2d Mob. A Goose!

Heel. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuf. "Your votes are desired for Mathew Mug."

1st Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel. Oh, oh! what, you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard? But fair and soft, good neighbours: let us taste this Master Mug before we swallow him; and unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1st Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

2d Mob. Hear him; hear Master Heel-tap.

1st Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel. Harkye, you fellow with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question—bring him forward—Pray, is not this Mathew Mug a victualler?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel. Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I don't know.

Heel. You lie, sirrah; an't it a groat?

3d Mob. I believe it may.

Heel. Oh, may be so. Now, neighbours, here's a

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prettty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale, this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob No Mug! no Mug!

Heel. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuf. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer the schoolmaster.

Heel. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: let me tell you, Master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning, that can lay down the law; why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson; and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia. Ecod, George Gage the exciseman is nothing at all to un.

4th Mob. A Primmer!

Heel. Ay, if the folks above did but know him:—why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2d Mob. Indeed!

Heel. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d Mob. Indeed!

Heel. For, says Peter, says he, if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

1st Mob. Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

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Heel. He is, Mr. Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterer's-hall along with deputy Firkin.

Heel. Like enough.

Sneak. Ods me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my wife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden: I will go and take a peep at what they are doing.

[*Exit Sneak.*

Mob. (*without.*) Huzza.

Heel. Gadso! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, 'range yourselves to the right and left, 'that you may be convass'd in order:' let us see who comes first.

1st Mob. Master Mug.

Heel. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Master Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter MATTHEW MUG.

'*Mug.* Gentlemen, I am the lowest of your slaves: Mr. Heel-tap, have the honour of kissing 'your hand.

'*Heel.* There did not I tell you?

'*Mug.* Ah, my very good friend, I hope your fa-'ther is well?

'*1st Mob.* He is dead.

'*Mug.* So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wishes pre-'vail, your very good wife is in health?

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'*2d Mob.* Wife! I never was married.

'*Mug.* No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah! what, honest Dick Bennet!

'*3d Mob.* My name is Gregory Gubbins.

'*Mug.* You are right, it is so; and how fares it with good Mr. Gubbins?

'*2d Mob.* Pretty tight, Mr. Mug.

'*Mug.* I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

'*4th Mob.* Hark'ye, Master Mug.

'*Mug.* Your pleasure, my very dear friend?

'*4th Mob.* Why, as how and concerning our young one at home.

'*Mug.* Right, she is a prodigious promising girl.

'*4th Mob.* Girl! Zooks, why 'tis a boy.

'*Mug.* True, a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

'*4th Mob.* Nay, 'tis none such a child; but you promis'd to get un a place.

'*Mug.* A place! what place?

'*4th Mob.* Why, a gentleman's service, you know.

'*Mug.* It is done; it is fix'd; it is settled.

'*4th Mob.* And when is the lad to take on?

'*Mug.* He must go in a fortnight at farthest.

'*4th Mob.* And is it a pretty goodish birth, Master Mug?

'*Mug.* The best in the world; head-butler to Lady Barbara Bounce.

'*4th Mob.* A lady!

'*Mug.* The wages are not much, but the vails are amazing.

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'4th *Mob.* Barbara bunch?

'*Mug.* Yes; she has routs on Tuesdays and Sun-
'days, and he gathers the tables; only he finds can-
'dles, cards, coffee, and tea.

'4th *Mob.* Is Lady Barbara's work pretty tight?

'*Mug.* As good as a sinecure; he only writes
'cards to her company, and dresses his mistress's
'hair.

'4th *Mob.* Hair! Zounds, why Jack was bred to
'dressing of horses.

'*Mug.* True; but he is suffered to do that by de-
'puty.

4th *Mob.* May be so.

'*Mug.* It is so. Hark'ye, dear Heel-tap, who is
'this fellow? I should remember his face.

'*Heel.* And don't you?

'*Mug.* Not I, I profess.

'*Heel.* No!

'*Mug.* No.

'*Heel.* Well said, Master Mug; but come, time
'wears: have you any thing more to say to the
'corporation?'

Mug. Gentlemen of the corporation of Garratt——

Heel. Now twig him; now mind him: mark how he hawls his muscles about.

Mug. The houour I this day solicit, will be to me the most honourable honour that can be conferr'd; and should I succeed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my using my utmost endeavours to promote the good of the borough; for which purpose, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will most

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principally tend. Garratt, it must be owned, is an inland town, and has not, like Wansworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what nature has denied, industry may supply: cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowers, may be deemed at present your staple commodities; but why should not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I should recommend the opening a new branch of trade; sparagrass, gentlemen, the manufactoring of sparagrass. Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears at present the bell; but where lies the fault? In ourselves, gentlemen: let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural strength, and I will take upon me to say, that a hundred of grass from the corporation of Garratt will, in a short time, at the London market, be held at least as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle.

Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel. Damn the fellow, what a tongue he has! I must step in, or he will carry the day. Hark'ye, Master Mug?

Mug. Your pleasure, my very good friend?

Heel. No flummering me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twont do: why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about, that you have rais'd it a penny a quart?

Mug. A word in your ear, Crispin; you and your friends shall have it at three pence.

Heel. What, sirrah, do you offer a bribe? D'ye dare to corrupt me, you scoundrel?

Mug. Gentlemen——

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Heel. Here, neighbours; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a 'quart, if so be as how I would be consenting to impose upon you.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Mug. Neighbours, friends—

Mob. No Mug!

Mug. I believe this is the first borough that ever was lost by the returning officer's refusing a bribe.

[*Exit Mug.*

2d Mob. Let us go and pull down his sign,

Heel. Hold, hold, no riot: but, that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

Mob. Agreed! agreed!

[*Exit Heel-tap and Mob.*

* *Sir* JACOB, BRUIN, *and* WIFE, *come from the balcony.*

Sir. Jac. Well, son Bruin, how d'ye relish the corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, Sir Jacob; my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. Bruin. No!

Sir Jac. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over-fond of your May-games; besides, corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

* The second act usually begins here; and the whole foregoing scenes, from the end of act I. are omitted.

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Sir Jac. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant: but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs. Bruin. Well now, I protest, I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are easily pleas'd.

Mrs. Bruin. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave, I can tell you; for this is the last you shall see.

Sir Jac. Fie, Mr. Bruin, how can you be such a bear? is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What, I suppose you would have me such a snivelling sot as your son-in-law Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to——

Enter SNEAK *in a violent hurry.*

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin! O Lord, brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you.

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know know I went into the garden to look for my vife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minickens; but the deuse a major or madam could I see: at last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you: the door was lock'd; and

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then I look'd thro' the key hole; and there, Lord a mercy upon us! (*Whispers.*) as sure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door!

Sneak. I durst not: What, would you have me set my wit to a soldier? I warrant the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots; for I could see they were both of them off.

Bruin. Very well! pretty doings! You see, Sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence. You may call me bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast. [*Mob huzzas.*

Sir Jac. Hey-day! What, is the election over already?

Enter CRISPIN, *&c.*

Heel. Where is master Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord Sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you Mayor.

Sneak. Me! huzza! Good Lord, who would have thought it? But how came Mr. Primmer to lose it?

Heel. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then I have it for certain; huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my madam: Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of

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authority; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin!

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when she will.

Enter Mrs. SNEAK.

Mrs. Sneak. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes; she is axing for me.

Mrs. Sneak. So, sot; what, is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tant: I don't choose to trust my affairs with a voman. Is that right, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch.

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs. Sneak. Hey-day! I am amaz'd! Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, the fellow is surely bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: what, I am the husband, I hope?

Bruin. That's right; at her again.

Sneak. Yes; and you shan't think to hector and

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domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and visit my friends at Vitsontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to what wittles I like; and I'll have a bit of the brown.

Bruin. Bravo, brother! Sneak, the day's your own.

Sneak. An't it! Vhy, I did not think it vas in me: shall I tell her all I know?

Bruin. Every thing; you see she is struck dumb.

Sneak. As an oyster. Besides, Madam, I have something furder to tell you: ecod, if some folks go into gardens with majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, doodle, jackanapes, harkee, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names: Am I?—vhy, my wife, and I am your master.

Mrs. Sneak. My master! you paultry, puddling puppy; you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me.

Mrs. Sneak. Have I, sirrah, demean'd myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee! Have I not made myself a by-word to all my acquaintance! Don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought, Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak! to take up at last with such a noodle as he!

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Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know you was pretty near your last legs.

Mrs. Sneak. Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows, I could have pick'd and choos'd where I would: did not I refuse Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Counseller Crab come a-courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

Mrs. Sneak. My last legs!—But I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fie, sister Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her fast.

Mrs. Sneak. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what, it is you that have stirred up these coals then! he is set on by you to abuse me?

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man to behave like a man.

Mrs. Sneak. What, and are you to teach him I warrant—but here comes the Major.

Enter Major STURGEON.

Oh Major! such a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them: but all in good time? I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what

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shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves?

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Maj. Look'ye, Master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial——

Bruin. What then?

Maj. Then! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Maj. What? read the articles of war: but these things are out of your spear; points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my vife in the garden?

Maj. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth: all suspected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason: I heard of your tricks at the king of Bohemy, when you was campaining about; I did. Father Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Maj. Stop whilst you are safe, Master Sneak: for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past —But for you——

Bruin. Well!

Maj. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. Why, look ye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts.

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Maj. Box! box!—Blades, bullets, bagshot!

Mrs. Sneak. Not for the world, my dear Major! O risk not so precious a life! Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his sousings, his sweatings, his swimmings; must his dear blood be spilt by a broker?

Maj. Be satisfied, sweat Mrs. Sneak; these little fracases we soldiers are subject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs. Sneak. But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplin to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

Mrs. Sneak. Major, Sir Jacob; what, are you all leagu'd agains his dear——A man, yes; a very manly action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife: if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh, Lord, I can hold out no longer! Why brother Bruin, you have set her a veeping: my life, my lovy, don't veep: did I ever think I should have made my Molly veep!

Mrs. Sneak. Last legs! you lubberly——

[*Strikes him.*

Sir Jac. Oh fie, Molly.

Mrs. Sneak. What, are you leagu'd against me, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Prithee, don't expose yourself before the

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whole parish. But what has been the occasion of this?

Mrs. Sneak. Why, has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfarment?

Mrs. Sneak. Did you ever hear such an oaff? Why, thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest. Look ye, Jerry, mind what I say; go, get 'em to choose somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall I do, father Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll settle the business at once. Neighbours, my son Sneak being seldom amongst us, the duty will never be done: so we will get our honest friend Heel-tap to execute the office: he is, I think, every way qualified.

Mob. A Heel-tap!

Heel. What d'ye mean? as Master Jeremy's deputy?

Sir Jac. Ay, ay, his *locum tenens.*

Sneak. Do, Crispin; do be my *locum tenens.*

Heel. Give me your hand, Master Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the *locum tenens.*

Sir Jac. So, that is settled: but now to heal the other breach: Come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth seldom bear malice; let me interpose between you and my son.

Maj. Your son-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deserve a

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castigation; but on recollection, a cit would but sully my arms. I forgive him.

Sir Jac. That's right: as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddles. Now, if the Major had but his shoes, he might join in a country dance.

Maj. Sir Jacob, no shoes; a major must be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me lightsome enough.

Sneak. What, are all the vomen engaged? Why, then, my *locum tenens* and I will jigg together. Forget and forgive, Major.

Maj. Freely.

Nor be it said, that after all my toil,
I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.
To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield,

Sir Jac. As harmles in the chamber, as the field.

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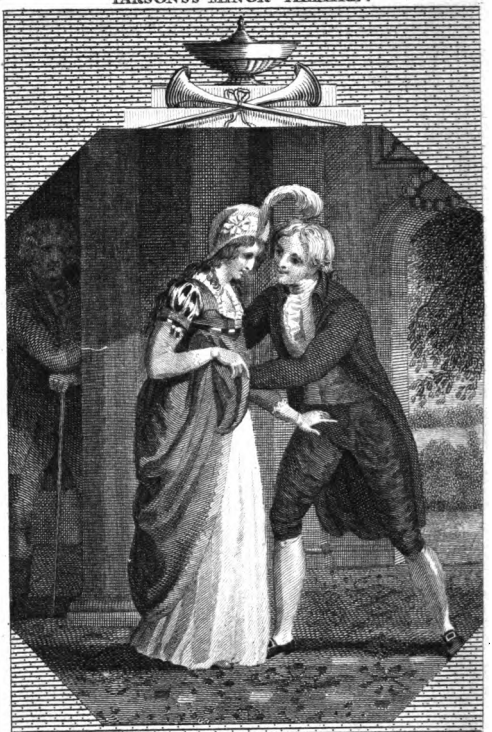

ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.
Act 2. Sc. 2.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21 Paternoster Row, May 1796.

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The Englishman in Paris.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, N° 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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The Englishman in Paris.

THIS Comedy, by the late Samuel Foote, was played, for the first time, at Covent-Garden Theatre, in the season of 1753, for the benefit of that old veteran Macklin; who, at this moment, bids fair to make good his own determination of not quitting his friends, on this side the water, till after the close of the 18th century. "I was not born in it," says the venerable wag, "nor do I mean to die in it."

The part of Buck was sustained by Macklin, in a stile of excellence which was never exceeded, even by Foote himself.

The Lucinda of Miss Macklin was highly honourable to the mind and powers of that excellent actress; the character demands the requisites of speaking, singing, and dancing; and in these varieties she delighted and surprized the audience. This lady has been dead several years: her loss was sensibly felt by those who had witnessed her abilities on the mimic scene; while the deep regrets of all who knew her, were the best proof how well she had sustained her part on the real one.

Our Author's drift in writing this piece will appear sufficiently obvious to the reader, who, perhaps, may give a thought to times past, and lament that its point applies not to times present.

March 25, 1794. T. B.

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Dramatis Personae.

COVENT GARDEN.

		Men.
Buck,	-	Mr. Lee Lewes
Sir John Buck,	-	Mr. Powell
Subtle,	-	Mr. Thompson
Classic,	-	Mr. Hull
Marquis,	-	Mr. E. Powell.
		Women.
Mrs. Subtile,	-	Mrs. Powell
Lucinda,	-	Mrs. Mattocks.

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The Englishman in Paris.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. SUBTLE *and* CLASSIC.

Mr. Subtle.

WELL, well, that may be; but still I say that a Frenchman——

Class. Is a fop; it is their national disease; not one of the qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its origin to a foible; their taste is trifling, their gaiety grimace, and their politeness pride.

Mr. Sub. Hey-day! Why, what the deuse brings you to Paris then?

Class. A debt to friendship; not but I think a short residence here a very necessary part in every man of fashion's education.

Mr. Sub. Where's the use?

Class. In giving them a true relish for their own domestic happiness; a proper veneration for their national liberties: a contempt for adulation; and an

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houour for the extended generous commerce of their country.

Mr. Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, Mr. Classic: the traders here are a sharp-set, cozening people; foreigners are their food; civilities with a—ay! ay! a congee for a crown, and a shrug for a shilling: devilish dear, Master Classic, devilish dear.

Class. To avoid their exactions, we are, Mr. Subtle, recommended to your protection.

Mr. Sub. Ay! and wisely they did who recommended you: Buy nothing but on mine or my lady's recommendation, and you are safe. But where was your charge? Where was Mr. Buck last night? My lady made a party at cards on purpose for him, and my ward Lucinda is mightily taken with him; she longs to see him again.

Class. I am afraid with the same set his father sent him hither to avoid; but we must endeavour to inspire him with a taste for the gallantries of this court, and his passion for the lower amusement of ours will diminish of course.

Mr. Sub. All the fraternity of men-makers are for that purpose without; taylors, peruquieurs, hatters, hosiers——— s not that Mr. Buck's English servant?

Enter ROGER.

Class. Oh! ay, honest Roger. So, the old doings, Roger; what time did your master come home?

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Rog. Between five and six, pummell'd to a jelly: here been two of his old comrades follow'd un already; I count we shall ha' the whole gang in a se'nnight.

Class. Comrades, who?

Rog. Dick Daylight and Bob Breadbasket the bruisers; they all went to the show together, where they had the devil to pay; belike they had been sent to Bridewell, hadn't a great gentleman in a blue string come by and releas'd them.—I hear master's bell; do, Master Classic, step up and talk to un; he's now sober, and may hearken to reason.

Class. I attend him. Mr. Subtle, you won't be out of the way. [*Exit Classic.*

Mr. Sub. I shall talk a little with the tradesmen. A smoky fellow this Classic; but if Lucinda plays her cards well, we have not much to fear from that quarter: contradiction seems to be the life and soul of young Buck—A tolerable expedient this, if it succeeds.—Fleece the younker!—Psha! that's a thing of course!—but by his means to get rid of Lucinda, and securely pocket her patrimony; ay! that indeed——

Enter Mrs. SUBTLE.

Oh! wife! Have you open'd the plot? Does the girl come into it greedily, hey?

Mrs. Sub. A little squeamish at first; but I have open'd her eyes. Never fear, my dear, sooner or later, women will attend to their interest.

Mr. Sub. Their interest! ay, that's true; but

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consider, my dear, how deeply our own interest is concern'd, and let that quicken your zeal.

Mrs. Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But the girl has got such whimsical notions of honour, and is withal so decent and modest: I wonder where the deuse she got it; I am sure it was not in my house.

Mr. Sub. How does she like Buck's person?

Mrs. Sub. Well enough! But prithee, husband, leave her to my management, and consider we have more irons in the fire than one. 'Here is the Marquis de Soleil to meet Madame de Farde to-night. '—And where to put 'em, unless we can have 'Buck's apartment.' Oh! by-the-bye, has Count Cog sent you your share out of Mr. Puntwell's losings a-Thursday.

Mr. Sub. I intend calling on him this morning.

Mrs. Sub. Don't fail; he's a slippery chap, you know.

Mr. Sub. There's no fear. Well, but our pretty countrywoman lays about her handsomely, ha!—Hearts by hundreds! hum!

Mrs. Sub. Ay! that's a noble prize, if we could but manage her; but she's so indiscreet, that she'll be blown before we have made half our market. I am this morning to give audience, on her score, to two counts and a foreign minister.

Mr. Sub. Then strike whilst the iron's hot? but they'll be here before I can talk to my people; send 'em in, prithee.

[*Exit Mrs. Subtle.*

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Enter Tradesmen.

So, gentlemen. Oh! hush! we are interrupted: If they ask for your bills, you have left them at home.

Enter BUCK, CLASSIC, *and* ROGER.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh! Master Subtle, how do'st, old buck, hey? Give's thy paw! And little Lucy, how fares it with she? Hum!

Mr. Sub. What has been the matter, 'squire? Your face seems a little in deshabille.

Buck. A touch of the times, old boy! a small skirmish; after I was down, tho', a set of cowardly sons of ——; there's George and I will box any five for their sum.

Mr. Sub. But how happen'd it? The French are generally civil to strangers.

Buck. Oh! damn'd civil! to fall seven or eight upon three: Seven or eight! ecod, we had the whole house upon us at last.

Mr. Sub. But what had you done?

Buck. Done! why, nothing at all. But, wounds! how the powder flew about, and the Monsieurs scour'd!

Mr. Sub. But what offence had either they or you committed?

Buck. Why, I was telling Domine. Last night, Dick Daylight, Bob Breadbasket, and I, were walking thro' one of their rues, I think they call

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them here, they are streets in London! but they have such devilish out-of-the-way names for things, that there is no remembering them; so we see crowds of people going into a house, and comedy pasted over the door: in we troop'd with the rest, paid our cash, and sat down on the stage. Presently they had a dance; and one of the young women with long hair trailing behind her, stood with her back to a rail, just by me: Ecod, what does me! for nothing in the world but a joke, as I hope for mercy, but ties her locks to the rail; so, when 'twas her turn to figure out, souse she flapp'd on her back; 'twas devilish comical, but they set up such an uproar. One whey-fac'd son of a bitch, that came to loose the woman, turn'd up his nose, and call'd me *bete*: ecod, I lent him a lick in his lanthorn jaws, that will make him remember the spawn of old Marlborough, I warrant him. Another came up to second him; but I let drive at the mark, made the soup-maigre rumble in his bread-basket, and laid him sprawling. Then in pour'd a million of them; I was knock'd down in a trice; and what happened after, I know no more than you. But where's Lucy? I'll go see her.

Class. Oh fie! ladies are treated here with a little more ceremony:——Mr. Subtle too has collected these people, who are to equip you for the conversation of the ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all these? What, Mr. Subtle, these are Monsieurs too, I suppose?

Mr. Sub. No, Squire, they are Englishmen;

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fashion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but foreigners at home, you must take up with your own countrymen here.

Class. It is not in this instance alone we are particular, Mr. Subtle; I have observ'd many of our pretty gentlemen, who condescend to use entirely their native language here, sputter nothing but bad French in the side-boxes at home.

Buck. Look you, Sir, as to you, and your wife, and Miss Lucy, I like you all well enough; but the devil a good thing else have I seen since I lost sight of Dover. The men are all puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning: the women are a parcel of painted dolls; their food's fit for hogs; and as for their language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none on't; no, nor their frippery neither: So here you may all march to the place from whence you—Harkee! What, are you an Englishman?

Barb. Yes, Sir.

Buck. Domine! look here, what a monster the monkey has made of himself?—Sirrah, if your string was long enough, I'd do your business myself, you dog, to sink a bold Briton into such a sneaking, snivelling——the rascal looks as he had not had a piece of beef and pudding in his paunch these twenty years; I'll be hang'd if the rogue han't been fed on frogs ever since he came over. Away with your trumpery!

Class. Mr. Buck, a compliance with the customs of the country in which we live, where neither our

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religion nor our morals are concern'd, is a duty we owe ourselves.

Mr. Sub. Besides, 'squire, Lucinda expects that you should usher her to public places; which it would be impossible to do in that dress.

Buck. Why not?

Mr. Sub. You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I should be glad to see that—— No! no! they han't spirit enough to mob here; but come, since these fellows here are English, and it is the fashion, try on your fooleries.

Mr. Sub. Mr. Dauphine, come, produce—Upon my word, in an elegant taste, Sir——This gentleman has had the honour to—

Dauph. To work for all the beaux esprits of the court. My good fortune commenc'd by a small alteration in a cut of the corner of the sleeve for Count Crib; but the addition of a ninth plait in the skirt of Marshal Tonerre, was applauded by Madam la duchess Rambouillet, and totally established the reputation of your humble servant.

Buck. Hold your jaw, and dispatch.

Mr. Sub. A word with you—I don't think it impossible to get you acquainted with Madam de Rambouillet.

Buck. An't she a Papist?

Mr. Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to say to her.

Mr. Sub. Oh fie! who minds the religion of a pretty woman? Besides, all this country are of the same.

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Buck. For that reason I don't care how soon I get out of it: Come, let's get rid of you as soon as we can. And what are you, hey?

Barb. Je suis peruquier, Monsieur.

Buck. Speak English, you son of a whore.

Barb. I am a perriwig-maker, Sir.

Buck. Then why could not you say so at first? What, are you asham'd of your mother-tongue? I knew this fellow was a puppy by his pig-tail. Come, let's see your handy-work.

Barb. As I found you were in a hurry, I have brought you, Sir, something that will do for the present: But a peruque is a different *ouvrage*, another sort of a thing here from what it is *en Angleterre*; we must consult the colour of the complexion, and the *tour de visage*, the form of the face; for which end it will be necessary to regard your countenance in different lights: A little to the right, if you please.

Buck. Why, you dog, d'ye think I'll submit to be exercised by you?

Barb. Oh mon Dieu! Monsieur, if you don't, it will be impossible to make your wig *comm' il faut.*

Buck. Sirrah, speak another French word, and I'll kick you down stairs.

Barb. Gad's curse! Would you resemble some of your countrymen, who, at the first importation, with nine hairs of a side to a brawny pair of cheeks, look like a Saracen's head! Or else their water-gruel jaws, sunk in a thicket of curls, appear for all the world like a lark in a soup-dish!

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Mr. Sub. Come, 'squire, submit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, but what must I do?

[*Places him in a chair.*

Barb. To the right, Sir—now to the left—now your full—and now, Sir, I'll do your business.

Mr. Sub. Look at yourself a little; see what a revolution this has occasioned in your whole figure.

Buck. Yes, a bloody pretty figure indeed! But 'tis a figure I am damnably asham'd of: I would not be seen by Jack Wildfire or Dick Riot for fifty pounds in this trim, for all that.

Mr. Sub. Upon my honour, dress greatly improves you. Your opinion, Mr. Classic,

Class. They do mighty well, Sir; and in a little time Mr. Buck will be easy in them.

Buck. Shall I? I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneasy at present, Mr. Subtle. What must I do now?

Mr. Sub. Now, Sir, if you'll call upon my wife, you'll find Lucinda with her, and I'll wait on you presently.

Buck. Come along, Domine! But harkee, Mr. Subtle, I'll out of my trammels when I hunt with the king.

Mr. Sub. Well, well.

Buck. I'll on with my jemmies; none of your black bags and jack-boots for me.

Mr. Sub. No, no.

Buck. I'll show them the odds on't, old Silver-tail! I will. Hey!

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Mr. Sub. Ay, ay.

Buck. Hedge, stake, or stile, over we go!

Mr. Sub. Ay; but Mr. Classic waits.

Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr. Sub. Oh no! impossible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a chace she carry'd me last Christmas eve? We uckennell'd at———

Mr. Sub. I am busy now; at any other time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have sent for my hounds and horses.

Mr. Sub. Have you?

Buck. They shall make the tour of Europe with me: And then there's Tom Atkins the huntsman, the two whippers-in, and little Joey the groom, comes with them. Damme, what a strange place they'll think this. But no matter for that; then we shall be company enough of ourselves. But you'll follow us in?

Mr. Sub. In ten minutes—An impertinent jackanapes! But I shall soon ha' done with him. So, gentlemen; well, you see we have a good subject to work upon. Harkee, Dauphine, I must have more than 20 *per cent.* out of that suit.

Dauph. Upon my soul, Mr. Subtle, I can't.

Mr. Sub. Why, I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New, Sir! Why, as I hope to be——

Mr. Sub. Come, don't lie; don't damn yourself, Dauphine; don't be a rogue; did not I see at Madam Fripon's that waistcoat and sleeves upon Colonel Crambo?

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Dauph. As to the waistcoat and sleeves, I own; but for the body and lining—may I never see——

Mr. Sub. Come, don't be a scoundrel; five-and-thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I must, I must. [*Exit Dauph.*

'*Mr. Sab.* Oh, Solitaire! I can't pay that draft 'of Mr ——, these six weeks; I want money.

'*Soli. Je suis dans le meme cas—Je—*

'*Mr. Sub.* What, d'ye mutiny, rascal? About 'your business, or—— [*Exeunt.*'

I must keep these fellows under, or I shall have a fine time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Enter Mrs. SUBTLE.

Mrs. Sub. The Calais letters, my dear.

Mr. Sub. (*reads.*) Ah! ah! Calais—the Dover packet arrived last night, loading as follows: Six taylors, ditto barbers; five milliners, bound to Paris to study fashions; four citizens come to settle here for a month, by way of seeing the country; ditto, their wives; ten French valets, with nine cooks, all from Newgate, where they had been sent for robbing their masters; nine figure-dancers, exported in September ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good case; 'twelve dogs, ditto bitches, 'with two monkeys, and a litter of puppies from 'Mother Midnight's in the Hay-market:' A precious cargo! *Postscript.* One of the coasters is just put in, with his grace the duke of ——, my lord, and an old gentleman whose name I can't learn!

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Gadso! Well, my dear, I must run, and try to secure these customers; there's no time to be lost.

[*Exit.* '*Mean while*——'

Enter CLASSIC.

Mrs. Sub. So, Mr. Classic, what, have you left the young couple together?

Class. They want your ladyship's presence, Madam, for a short tour to the Tuilleries. I have received some letters, which I must answer immediately.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! well, well; no ceremony; we are all of a family, you know. Servant.

Enter ROGER.

Class. Roger!

Rog. Anon!

Class. I have just received a letter from your old master; he was landed at Calais, and will be this evening at Paris. It is absolutely necessary that this circumstance should be conceal'd from his son; for which purpose you must wait at the Picardy gate, and deliver a letter, I shall give you, into his own hand.

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Class. But, Roger, be secret.

Rog. O lud! never you fear.

Class. So, Mr. Subtle, I see your aim. A pretty lodging we have hit upon; the mistress a commode, and the master a—But who can this ward be? Possibly the neglected punk of some riotous man of quality. 'Tis lucky Mr. Buck's father is arriv'd.

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or my authority would prove but an insufficient match for my pupil's obstinacy. This mad boy! How difficult, how disagreeable a task have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous, an experiment is it to expose our youth, in the very fire and fury of their blood, to all the follies and extravagance of this fantastic court? Far different was the prudent practice of our forefathers:

They scorn'd to truck, for base unmanly arts,
Their native plainness and their honest hearts;
Whene'er they deign'd to visit haughty France,
'Twas armed with bearded dart and pointed lance.
'No pompous pageants lur'd their curious eye,
'No charms for them had fops or flattery;
'Paris, they knew, their streamers wav'd around,
'There Britons saw a British Harry crown'd.'
Far other views attract our modern race,
Trulls, toupees, trinkets, bags, brocade, and lace;
A flaunting form and a fictitious face.
Rouse! reassume! refuse a Gallic reign,
Nor let their arts win that their arms could never gain.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.

Enter Mr. CLASSIC *and* ROGER.

Roger.

OLD maister's at a coffee-house next street, and will tarry till you send for 'un.

Class. By-and-bye; in the dusk, bring him up the back-stairs. You must be careful that nobody sees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Class. Let Sir John know that I would wait on him myself, but I don't think it safe to quit the house an instant.

Rog. Ay, ay. [*Exit Roger.*

Class. I suppose by this time matters are pretty well settled within, and my absence only wanted to accomplish the scene; but I shall take care to——— Oh! Mr. Subtle and his lady.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. SUBTLE.

Mrs. Sub. Oh, delightfully! Now, my dearest, I hope you will no longer dispute my abilities for forming a female.

Mr. Sub. Never, never: How the baggage leer'd!

Mrs. Sub. And the booby gap'd!

Mr. Sub. So kind, and yet so coy; so free, but then so reserv'd: Oh, she has him!

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Mrs. Sub. Ay, aye; the fish is hook'd: but then safely to land him——Is Classic suspicious?

Mr. Sub. Not that I observe; but the secret must soon be blaz'd.

Mrs. Sub. Therefore dispatch: I have laid a trap to inflame his affection.

Mr. Sub. How?

Mrs. Sub. He shall be treated with a display of Lucy's talents; her singing, and dancing.

Mr. Sub. Psha! her singing and dancing!

Mrs. Sub. Ah! you don't know, husband, half the force of these accomplishments in a fashionable figure.

Mr. Sub. I doubt her execution.

Mrs. Sub. You have no reason; she does both well enough to flatter a fool, especially with love for her second: besides, I have a coup de maitre, a sure card.

Mr. Sub. What's that?

Mrs. Sub. A rival.

Mr. Sub. Who?

Mrs. Sub. The language-master: He may be easily equipt for the expedition; a second-hand tawdry suit of cloaths will pass him on our countryman for a marquis; and then, to excuse his speaking our language so well, he may have been educated early in England. But hush! the Squire approaches; don't seem to observe him.

Enter BUCK.

For my part, I never saw any thing so alter'd since

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I was born: In my conscience, I believe she's in love with him.

Buck. Hush! [*Aside.*

Mr. Sub. D'ye think so?

Mrs. Sub. Why, where's the wonder? He's a pretty, good-humour'd sprightly fellow: and, for the time, such an improvement! Why, he wears his cloaths as easily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at Paris these twenty years.

Mr. Sub. Indeed! How does he dance?

Mrs. Sub. Why, he has had but three lessons from Marseil, and he moves already like Dupré. Oh! three months stay here will render him a perfect model for the English court.

Mr. Sub. Gadso! No wonder then, with these qualities, that he has caught the heart of my ward; but we must take care that the girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs. Sub. Oh, dismiss your fears; her family, good sense, and, more than all, her being educated under my eye, render them unnecessary; besides, Mr. Buck is too much a man of honour to ——

(He interrupts them.)

Buck. Damn me if I an't.

Mrs. Sub. Bless me, Sir, you here! I did not expect——

Buck. I beg pardon: but all that I heard was, that Mr. Buck was a man of honour. I wanted to have some chat with you, Madam, in private.

Mr. Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You see I dare trust you alone with my wife.

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Buck. So you may safely; I have other game in view. Servant Mr. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. Now for a puzzling scene: I long to know how he'll begin. (*Aside.*) Well, Mr. Buck, your commands with me, Sir?

Buck. Why, Madam—I ah—I ah——but let's shut the door: I was, Madam—ah! ah! Can't you guess what I want to talk about?

Mrs. Sub. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Buck. Well, but try; upon my soul, I'll tell you if you're right.

Mrs. Sub. It will be impossible for me to devine—But come, open a little.

Buck. Why, have you observ'd nothing?

Mrs. Sub. About who?

Buck. Why, about me.

Mrs. Sub. Yes; you are new-dress'd, and your cloaths become you.

Buck. Pretty well; but it an't that.

Mrs. Sub. What is it?

Buck. Why, ah! ah!—Upon my soul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs. Sub. Nay, then 'tis to no purpose to wait: Write your mind.

Buck. No, no; stop a moment, and I will tell.

Mrs. Sub. Be expeditious, then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miss Lucinda.

Mrs. Sub. What of her?

Buck. She's a bloody fine girl; and I should be glad to——

Mrs. Sub. To——Bless me!—What, Mr. Buck,

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and in my house?—Oh, Mr. Buck, you have deceiv'd me!—Little did I think, that under the appearance of so much honesty, you could go to——

Buck. Upon my soul, you're mistaken.

Mrs. Sub. A poor orphan too! depriv'd in her earliest infancy of a father's prudence and a mother's care.

Buck. Why, I tell you——

Mrs. Sub. So sweet, so lovely an innocence; her mind as spotless as her person.

Buck. Hey-day!

Mrs. Sub. And me, Sir; where had you your thoughts of me? How dar'd you suppose that I would connive at such a——

Buck. The woman is bewitch'd.

Mrs. Sub. I! whose untainted reputation the blistering tongue of slander never blasted. Full fifteen years, in wedlock's sacred bands, have I liv'd unreproach'd; and now to——

Buck. Od's fury! She's in heroics.

Mrs. Sub. And this from you too, whose fair outside and bewitching tongue had so far lull'd my fears, I dar'd have trusted all my daughters, nay, myself too, singly, with you.

Buck. Upon my soul, and so you might safely.

Mrs. Sub. Well, Sir, and what have you to urge in your defence?

Buck. Oh, oh! What, are you got pretty well to the end of your line, are you? And now, if you'll be quiet a bit, we may make a shift to understand one another a little.

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Mrs. Sub. Be quick, and ease me of my fears.

Buck. Ease you of your fears! I don't know how the devil you got them. All that I wanted to say was, that Miss Lucy was a fine wench; and if she was as willing as me——

Mrs. Sub. Willing! Sir! What demon——

Buck. If you are in your airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs. Sub. I am calm; go on.

Buck. Why, that if she lik'd me as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

Mrs. Sub. Oh, Sir! if that was indeed your drift, I am satisfy'd. But don't indulge your wish too much; there are numerous obstacles; your father's consent, the law of the land——

Buck. What laws?

Mrs. Sub. All clandestine marriages are void in this country.

Buck. Damn the country—In London now, a footman may drive to May-fair, and in five minutes be tack'd to a countess; but there's no liberty here.

Mrs. Sub. Some inconsiderate couples have indeed gone off post to Protestant states; but I hope my ward will have more prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think she likes me?

Mrs. Sub. Why, to deal candidly with you, she oes.

Buck. Does she, by——

Mrs. Sub. Calm your transports.

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Buck. Well! but how? She did not, did she? Hey! Come now, tell——

Mrs. Sub. I hear her coming; this is her hour for music and dancing.

Buck. Could I not have a peep?

Mrs. Sub. Withdraw to this corner.

Enter LUCINDA, *with* GAMUT.

Luc. The news, the news, Monsieur Gamut; I die, if I have not the first intelligence! What's doing at Versailles? When goes the court to Márli? Does Rameau write the next opera? What say the critics of Voltaire's Duke de Foix?—Answer me all in a breath.

Buck. A brave-spirited girl! She'll take a five-barr'd gate in a fortnight.

Gam. The conversation of the court your ladyship has engross'd, ever since you last honour'd it with your appearance.

Luc. Oh, you flatterer! have I? Well, and what fresh victims? But 'tis impossible; the sunshine of a northern beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy heart of a French courtier.

Gam. What injustice to your own charms and our discernment!

Luc. Indeed! nay, I care not—if I have fire enough to warm one British bosom, rule! rule! ye Paris belles! I envy not your conquests.

Mrs. Sub. Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed!

Mrs. Sub. Certain!

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Buck. Hush!

Luc. But come, a truce to gallantry, Gamut, and to the business of the day. Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new instrument; 'tis so languishing and so portable, and so soft and so silly—But come, for your last lesson.

Gam. D'ye like the words?

Luc. Oh, charming! They are so melting, and easy, and elegant. Now for a *coup d'essai.*

Gam. Take care of your expression; let your eyes and address accompany the sound and sentiment.

Luc. But, dear Gamut, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

Gam. *Allons, commencez.* [*Lucinda sings.*

[*An occasional song is here introduced by Lucinda.*]

Gam. Bravo! bravo!

Buck. Bravo! bravissimo! My lady, what was the song about? [*Aside to Mrs. Subtle.*

Mrs. Sub. Love: 'tis her own composing.

Buck. What, does she make verses then?

Mrs. Sub. Finely. I take you to be the subject of these.

Buck. Ah! d'ye think so? Gad! I thought by her ogling, 'twas the music-man himself.

Luc. Well, Mr. Gamut; tolerably well, for so young a scholar.

Gam. Inimitably, Madam! Your Ladyship's progress will undoubtedly fix my fortune.

Enter SERVANT.

Luc. Your servant, Sir.

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Ser. Madam, your dancing-master, Monsieur Kitteau.

Luc. Admit him.

Enter KITTEAU.

Monsieur Kitteau, I can't poisibly take a lesson this morning, I am so busy; but if you please, I'll just hobble over a minuet by way of exercise.

[*A minuet here introduced.*

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Monsieur le Marquis de———

Luc. Admit him this instant.

Mrs. Sub. A lover of Lucinda! a Frenchman of fashion, and vast fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll soon do his business, I'll warrant you.

Enter MARQUIS.

Luc. My dear Marquis!

Mar. *Ma chere adorable!*———'Tis an age since I saw you.

Luc. Oh! an eternity! But 'tis your own fault, though.

Mar. My misfortune, *ma princesse!* But now I'll redeem my error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I shall make a shift to transplant you, I believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your absence has distress'd me. Demand of these gentlemen the melancholy mood of my mind.

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Mar. But now that I'm arriv'd, we'll dance and sing, and drive care to the—Ha! Monsieur Kitteau! Have you practised this morning?

Luc. I had just given my hand to Kitteau before you came.

Mar. I was in hopes that honour would have been reserv'd for me. May I flatter myself that your ladyship will do me the honour of venturing upon the fatigue of another minuet this morning with me?

Enter BUCK *briskly. Takes her hand.*

Buck. Not that you know of, Monsieur.

Mar. Hey! *Diable! Quelle bête!*

Buck. Harkee, Monsieur Ragout, if you repeat that word *bête*, I shall make you swallow it again, as I did last night one of your countrymen.

Mar. Quel savage!

Buck. And another word; as I know you can speak very good English, if you will; when you don't, I shall take it for granted you're abusing me, and treat you accordingly.

Mar. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Mademoiselle, who is this officious gentleman? How comes he to be interested? Some relation, I suppose?

Buck. No; I'm a lover.

Mar. Oh! Oh! a rival! *Eh morbleu!* a dangerous one too. Ha, ha! Well, Monsieur, what, and I suppose you presume to give laws to this lady; and are determin'd, out of your very great and singular affection, to knock down every mortal she likes, *a-la-mode d' Angleterre?* Hey! Monsieur Roast-beef!

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Buck. No; but I intend that lady for my wife: consider her as such; and don't choose to have her soil'd by the impertinent addresses of every French fop, *a-la-mode de Paris*, Monsieur Fricassy!

Mar. Fricassy!

Buck. We.

Luc. A truce, a truce, I beseech you, gentlemen: it seems I am the golden prize for which you plead; produce your pretensions; you are the representatives of your respective countries. Begin, Marquis, for the honour of France; let me hear what advantages I am to derive from a conjugal union with you.

Mar. Abstracted from those which I think are pretty visible, a perpetual residence in this paradise of pleasures; to be the object of universal adoration; to say what you please, go where you will, do what you like, form fashions; hate your husband, and let him see it; indulge your gallant, and let t'other know it; run in debt, and oblige the poor devil to pay it. He! *Ma chere!* There are pleasures for you.

Luc. Bravo! Marquis! these are allurements for a woman of spirit: but don't let us conclude hastily; hear the other side. What have you to offer, Mr. Buck, in favour of England?

Buck. Why, Madam, for a woman of spirit, they give you the same advantages at London as at Paris, with a privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indisputable right to cheat at cards, in spite of detection.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, we have the same; but I thought this privilege so known and universal, that 'twas needless to mention it.

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Buck. You give up nothing, I find: but to tell you my blunt thoughts in a word, if any woman can be so abandon'd, as to rank amongst the comforts of matrimony, the privilege of hating her husband, and the liberty of committing every folly and every vice contained in your catalogue, she may stay single for me; for damn me if I'm a husband fit for her humour; that's all.

Mar. I told you, Mademoiselle!

Luc. But stay; what have you to offer as a counterbalance for these pleasures?

Buck. Why, I have, Madam, courage to protect you, good-nature to indulge your love, and health enough to make gallants useless, and too good a fortune to render running in debt necessary. Find that here if you can.

Mar. Bagatelle!

Luc. Spoke with the sincerity of a Briton; and as I don't perceive that I shall have any use for the fashionable liberties you propose, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national prejudice, here's my hand, Mr. Buck.

Buck. Servant, Monsieur.

Mar. Serviteur.

Buck. No offence?

Mar. Not in the least; I am only afraid the reputation of that lady's taste will suffer a little; and to show her at once the difference of her choice, the preference, which if bestowed on me would not fail to exasperate you, I support without murmuring; so that favour which would probably have provok'd

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my fate, is now your protection. *Voila la politesse Francoise*, Madam; I have the honour to be——— *Bon jour, Monsieur.* Tol de rol. [*Exit Mar.*

Buck. The fellow bears it well. Now, if you'll give me your hand, we'll in, and settle matters with Mr. Subtle.

Luc. 'Tis now my duty to obey. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROGER, *peeping about.*

Rog. The coast is clear; Sir, Sir, you may come in now, Mr. Classic.

Enter Mr. CLASSIC *and Sir* JOHN BUCK.

Class. Roger, watch at the door. I wish, Sir John, I could give you a more cheerful welcome: but we have no time to lose in ceremony; you are arrived in the critical minute; two hours more would have plac'd the inconsiderate couple out of the reach of pursuit.

Sir John. How can I acknowledge your kindness? You have preserv'd my son; you have sav'd——

Class. I have done my duty; but of that——

Rog. Maister and the young woman's coming.

Class. Sir John, place yourself here, and be a witness how near a crisis is the fate of your family.

Enter BUCK *and* LUCINDA.

Buck. Psha! What signifies her? 'Tis odds whether she'd consent, from the fear of my father. Besides, she told me we could never be married here; and so pack up a few things, and we'll off in a post-chaise directly.

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Luc. Stay, Mr. Buck, let me have a moment's reflection——What am I about? Contriving in concert with the most profligate couple that ever disgrac'd human nature, to impose an indigent orphan on the sole representative of a wealthy and honourable family! Is this a character becoming my birth and education? What must be the consequence? Sure detection and contempt; contempt even from him, when his passions cool——I have resolv'd, Sir.

Buck. Madam!

Luc. As the expedition we are upon the point of taking, is to be a lasting one, we ought not to be over hasty in our resolution.

Buck. Psha! Stuff! When a thing's resolv'd, the sooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is absolutely resolv'd, give me leave to beg an answer to two questions.

Buck. Make haste then.

Luc. What are your thoughts of me?

Buck. Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why, that you are a sensible, civil, handsome, handy girl, and will make a devilish good wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my rank and fortune?

Buck. Mr. Subtle says they are both great; but that's no business of mine; I was always determin'd to marry for love.

Luc. Generously said! My birth, I believe, won't disgrace you; but for my fortune, your friend Mr. Subtle, I fear, has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much good may it do him; I have enough for both: but we lose time, and may be prevented.

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Luc. By whom?

Buck. By domine; or perhaps father may come.

Luc. Your father!—You think he would prevent you then?

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know: but psha! 'zooks! this is like saying one's catechise.

Luc. But don't you think your father's consent necessary?

Buck. No: why 'tis I am to be married and not he. But come along: old fellows love to be obstinate; but 'ecod I am as mulish as he; and to tell you the truth, if he had propos'd me a wife, that would have been reason enough to make me dislike her; and I don't think I should be half so hot about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old fellow damnably. So, my pretty partner, come along; let's have no more——

Enter Sir JOHN BUCK *and* CLASSIC.

Sir John. Sir, I am obliged to you for this declaration, as to it I owe the entire subjection of that paternal weakness which has hitherto suspended the correction your abandoned libertinism has long provok'd. You have forgot the duty you owe a father, disclaim'd my protection, cancell'd the natural covenant between us; 'tis time I now should give you up to the guidance of your own guilty passions, and treat you as a stranger to my blood for ever.

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Buck. I told you what would happen if he should come; but you may thank yourself.

Sir John. Equally weak as wicked, the dupe of a raw, giddy girl. But proceed, Sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me; complete your project, and add her ruin to your own.

Buck. Sir, as to me, you may say what you please; but for the young woman, she does not deserve it; but now she wanted me to get your consent, and told me that she had never a penny of portion into the bargain.

Sir John. A stale, obvious artifice! She knew the discovery of the fraud must follow close on your inconsiderate marriage, and would then plead the merits of her prior candid discovery. The lady, doubtless, Sir, has other secrets to disclose; but as her cunning reveal'd the first, her policy will preserve the rest.

Luc. What secrets?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himself by-and-by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the protectress of my own honour? in justice to that, I must demand an explanation. What secrets, Sir?

Sir John. Oh, perhaps a thousand. But I am to blame to call them secrets; the customs of this gay country give sanction, and stamp merit upon vice! and vanity will here proclaim what modesty would elsewhere blush to whisper.

Luc. Modesty!—You suspect my virtue then?

Sir John. You are a lady; but the fears of a father

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may be permitted to neglect a little your plan of politeness: therefore, to be plain, from your residence in this house, from your connection with these people, and from the scheme which my presence has interrupted, I have suspicions—of what nature ask yourself.

Luc. Sir, you have reason; appearances are against me, I confess; but when you have heard my melancholy story, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom you now hate.

Sir John. Madam, 'you misemploy your time; 'there tell your story, there it will be believed;' I am too knowing in the wiles of women to be soften'd by a syren-tear, or impos'd on by an artful tale.

Luc. But hear me, Sir; on my knee I beg it, nay I demand it; you have wrong'd me, and must do me justice.

Class. I am sure, Madam, Sir John will be glad to find his fears are false; but you can't blame him.

Luc. I don't, Sir; and I shall but little trespass on his patience. When you know, Sir, that I am the orphan of an honourable and once wealthy family, whom her father, misguided by pernicious politics, brought with him, in her earliest infancy, to France; that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor remnant of our shatter'd fortune, to the direction of this rapacious pair; I am sure you'll tremble for me.

Sir John. Go on.

Luc. But when you know that, plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this plot; forced to comply, under the penalty

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of deepest want; without one hospitable roof to shelter me; without one friend to comfort or relieve me; you must, you can't but pity me.

Sir John. Proceed.

Luc. To this when you are told, that, previous to your coming, I had determined never to wed your son, at least without your knowledge and consent, I hope your justice then will credit and acquit me.

Sir John. Madam, your tale is plausible and moving; I hope 'tis true. Here comes the explainer of this riddle.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. SUBTLE.

Mr. Sub. Buck's father!

Sir John. I'll take some other time, Sir, to thank you for the last proofs of your friendship to my family; in the mean time, be so candid as to instruct us in the knowledge of this lady, whom, it seems you have chosen for the partner of my son.

Mr. Sub. Mr. Buck's partner——I chose——I ——I——

Sir John. No equivocation or reserve; your plot's reveal'd, known to the bottom. Who is the lady?

Mr. Sub. Lady, Sir,—the lady's a gentlewoman, Sir.

Sir John. By what means?

Mr. Sub. By her father and mother.

Sir John. Who were they, Sir?

Mr. Sub. Her mother was of——I forget her maiden name.

Sir John. You ha'nt forgot her father's?

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Mr. Sub. No, no, no.

Sir John. Tell it then.

Mr. Sub. She has told it you, I suppose.

Sir John. No matter, I must have it, Sir, from you. Here's some mystery.

Mr. Sub. 'Twas Worthy.

Sir John. Not the daughter of Sir Gilbert?

Mr. Sub. You have it.

Sir John. My poor girl! I indeed have wrong'd, but will redress you. And pray, Sir, after the many pressing letters you received from me, how came this truth concealed? But I guess your motive. Dry up your tears, Lucinda, at last you have found a father. Hence, ye degenerate, ye abandon'd wretches, who, abusing the confidence of your country, unite to plunder those ye promise to protect

[*Exit Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.*

Luc. Am I then justified?

Sir John. You are: your father was my first and firmest friend; I mourn'd his loss; and long have sought for thee in vain, Lucinda.

Buck. Pray, han't I some merit in finding her? she's mine by the custom of the manor.

Sir John. Yours!——First study to deserve her; she's mine, Sir; I have just redeem'd this valuable treasure, and shall not trust it in a spendthrift's hands.

Buck. What would you have me do, Sir?

Sir John. Disclaim the partners of your riot, polish your manners, reform your pleasures, and before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourself. And now, my beauteous ward, we'll for the

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land where first you saw the light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long bondage you have suffer'd here. I suppose, Sir, we shall have no difficulty in persuading you to accompany us; it is not in France I am to hope for your reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who transports a profligate son to Paris, by way of mending his manners, only adds the vices and follies of that country to those of his own.

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EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY LUCINDA.

ESCCAP'D from my guardian's tyrannical sway,
By a fortunate voyage on a prosperous day,
I am landed in England; and now must endeavour,
By some means or other, to curry your favour.
Of what use to be freed from a Gallic subjection,
Unless I'm secure of a British protection?
Without cash--but one friend--and he too just made!
Egad, I've a mind to set up some trade:
Of what sort? In the papers I'll publish a puff,
Which won't fail to procure me custom enough;
" That a lady from Paris is lately arriv'd,
" Who with exquisite art has nicely contriv'd
" The best paint for the face—the best paste for the
" hands;
" A water for freckles, for flushings, and tans.
" She can teach you the melior coeffeure for the head,
" To lisp—amble—and simper—and put on the red;
" To rival, to rally, to backbite, and sneer,
" Um—no; that they already know pretty well here.
" The beaux she instructs to bow with a grace,
" The happiest shrug—the newest grimace;
" To *parler Francois*—fib, flatter, and dance;
" Which is very near all that they teach ye in France.

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" Not a buck nor a blood, through the whole Eng-
" lish nation,
" But his roughness she'll soften, his figure she'll
" fashion.
" The merriest John Trot in a week you shall zee
" *Bien poli, bien frizé, tout-à-fait un marquis.*"
What d'ye think of my plan, is it form'd to your
gout?
May I hope for disciples in any of you?
Shall I tell you my thoughts, without guile, without
art?
Though abroad I've been bred, I have Britain at
heart.
Then take this advice, which I give for her sake,
You'll gain nothing by any exchange you can make:
In a country of commerce, too great the expense,
For their baubles and bows to give you good sense.

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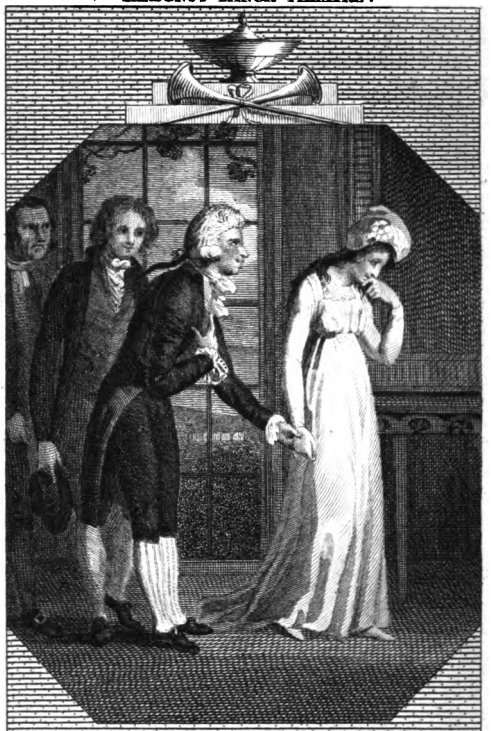

ENGLISHMAN RETURN'D FROM PARIS.
Act 2. Sc. 2.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row. May 1st

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THE

Englishman return'd from Paris.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, No 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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Englishman return'd from Paris.

This piece is supplimentary of the foregoing, and written by the same author.

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Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Buck,	-	Mr. Foote
Crab,	-	Mr. Sparks
Lord John,	-	Mr. White
Macruthen,	-	Mr. Shuter
Racket,	-	Mr. Cushin
Tallyhoe,	-	Mr. Costollo
Latitat,	-	Mr. Wignel
Surgeon,	-	Mr. Dunstall.

Women.

Lucinda,	-	Mrs. Bellamy.

Le Jonquil, La Loire, Bearnois, and Servants.

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PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

OF all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of novelty rules most the mind;
In search of this from realm to realm we roam,
Our fleets come fraught with ev'ry folly home.
From Lybia's desarts hostile brutes advance;
And dancing-dogs in droves skip here from France:
From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,
Striking our British breasts with awe and fear,
As once the Lilliputians——Gulliver.
Not only objects that affect the sight,
In foreign arts and artists we delight.
Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse,
(In humble prose) the place is Charing-Cross;
Close by the margin of a kennel's side,
A dirty dismal entry opens wide:
There, with hoarse voice, check'd shirt, and callous hand,
Duff's Indian English trader takes his stand,
Surveys each passenger with curious eyes,
And rustic Roger falls an easy prize:
Here's China porcelaine that Chelsea yields,
And India handkerchiefs from Spittalfields;
With Turkey carpets that from Wilton came,
And Spanish tucks and blades from Birmingham.

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Factors are forc'd to favour this deceit,
And English goods are smuggled thro' the street.
The rude to polish, and the fair to please,
The hero of to-night has cross'd the seas;
Tho' to be born a Briton be his crime,
He's manufactur'd in another clime.
'Tis Buck begs leave once more to come before ye,
The little subject of a former story:
How chang'd, how fashion'd, whether brute or beau,
We trust the following scenes will fully show.
For them and him we your indulgence crave;
'Tis ours still to sin, and yours to save.

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THE

Englishman return'd from Paris.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Crab discovered reading.

" AND I do constitute my very good friend Giles " Crab, Esq. of St. Martin's in the Fields, exe- " cutor to this my will; and do appoint him guar- " dian to my ward Lucinda; and do submit to his " direction the management of all my affairs till the " return of my son from his travels; whom I do in- " treat my said executor, in consideration of our " ancient friendship, to advise, to counsel, &c. &c.

" JOHN BUCK."

A good, pretty legacy! Let's see; I find myself heir by this generous devise of my very good friend, to ten actions at common law, nine suits in chancery; the conduct of a boy, bred a booby at home, and finished a fop abroad; together with the direction

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of a marriageable, and therefore an unmanageable, wench; and all this to an old fellow of sixty-six, who heartily hates bus'ness, is tired of the world, and despises every thing in it. Why, how the devil came I to merit——

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Latitat of Staple's Inn.

Crab. So, here begin my plagues. Show the hound in.

Enter LATITAT, *with a bag*, &c.

Lat. I wou'd, Mr. Crab, have attended your summons immediately; but I was obliged to sign judgment in error at the common-pleas; sue out of the exchequer a writ of *quæ minus*; and surrender in *banco regi* the defendant, before the return of *sci fa*, to discharge the bail.

Crab. Pr'ythee, man, none of thy unintelligible law-jargon to me; but tell me, in the language of common sense and thy country, what I am to do?

Lat. Why, Mr. Crab, as you are already possess'd of a *probat*, and letters of administration *de bonis* are granted, you may sue or be sued. I hold it sound doctrine for no executor to discharge debts without a receipt upon record; this can be obtained by no means but by an action. Now actions, Sir, are of various kinds: There are special actions; actions on the case, 'or *assumpsits*;' actions of trover; 'actions of *clausum fregit*;' actions of battery; actions of——

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Crab. Hey, the devil, where's the fellow running now?—But hark'ee, Latitat, why I thought all our law-proceedings were directed to be in English.

Lat. True, Mr. Crab.

Crab. And what do you call all this stuff, ha?

Lat. English.

Crab. The devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my honour, Mr. Crab. For as Lord Coke describes the common law to be he perfection——

Crab. So here's a fresh deluge of impertinence.—A truce to thy authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impossible to understand thee without an interpreter, if you will meet me at five, at Mr. Brief's chambers, why, if you have any thing to say, he will translate it for me.

Lat. Mr. Brief, Sir, and translate, Sir!—Sir I would have you to know, that no practitioner in Westminster-hall gives clearer——

Crab. Sir, I believe it;—for which reason I have referred you to a man who never goes into Westminster-hall.

'*Lat.* A bad proof of his practice, Mr. Crab.

'*Crab.* A good one of his principles, Mr. Latitat.'

Lat. Why, Sir, do you think that a lawyer——

Crab. Zounds, Sir! I never thought about a lawyer—The law is an oracular idol, you are the explanatory ministers; nor should any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beastly Baal. I had rather lose a cause than contest it.

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And Had not this old doating dunce, Sir John Buck, plagu'd me with the management of his money, and the care of his booby boy, bedlam shou'd sooner have had me than the bar.

Lat. Bedlam, the bar! Since, Sir, I am provok'd I don't know what your choice may be, or what your friends may choose for you; I wish I was your *prochain ami*:—But I am under some doubts as to the sanity of the testator, otherwise he could not have chosen for his executor, under the sanction of the law, a person who despises the law. And the law, give me leave to tell you, Mr. Crab, is the bulwark, the fence, the protection, the *sine qua non*, the *non plus ultra*——

Crab. Mercy, good six-and eight pence.

'*Lat.* The defence, and offence, the by which, 'and the whereby, the statute common, and custo-'mary; or, as Plowden classically and elegantly 'expresses it, 'tis

'*Mos commune vetus mores, consulta senatus,*

'*Hæc tria jus statuunt terra Britannia tibi.*

'*Crab.* Zounds, Sir, among all your laws, are 'there none to protect a man in his own house?

'*Lat.* Sir, a man's house is his *castellum*, his cas-'tle; and so tender is the law of any infringement 'of that sacred right, that any attempt to invade it 'by force, fraud or violence, clandestinely, or *vi et* '*armis*, is not only deem'd *felonious* but *burglarious*. 'Now, Sir, a burglary may be committed, either 'upon the dwelling, or the out-house.

'*Crab.* O lud! O lud!

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Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Your clerk, Sir—The parties, he says are all in waiting at your chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but just explain to Mr. Crab the nature of a burglary, as it has been described by a late statute.

Crab. Zounds, Sir! I have not the least curiosity.

Lat. Sir, but every gentleman should know——

'*Crab.* I won't know.—Besides, your clients—

'*Lat.* O, they may stay. I shan't take up five 'minutes, Sir——A burglary————

'*Crab.* Not an instant.

Lat. By the common law——'

Crab. I'll not hear a word.

'*Lat.* It was but a *claustrum fregit.*

Crab. Dear Sir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late acts of par————

Crab. Help, you dog. Zounds, Sir, get out of my house.

Ser. Your clients, Sir——

Crab Push him out. (*The lawyer talking all the while.*) So ho! Harkee, rascal, if you suffer that fellow to enter my doors again, I'll strip and discard you the very next minute. (*Exit Servant.*) This is but the beginning of my torments. But that I expect the young whelp from abroad every instant, I'd fly for it myself, and quit the kingdom at once.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. My young master's travelling tutor, Sir, just arrived.

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Crab. Oh, then I suppose the blockhead of a baronet is close at his heels. Show him in. This bear-leader, I reckon now is either the clumsy curate of the Knight's parish-church; or some needy Highlander, the outcast of his country, who, with the pride of a German baron, the poverty of a French marquis, the address of a Swiss soldier, and the learning of an academy usher, is to give our heir-apparent politeness, taste, literature; a perfect knowledge of the world, and of himself.

Enter MACRUTHEN.

Mac. Maister Crab, I am your devoted servant.

Crab. 'Oh, a British child, by the mass.'—Well, where's your charge?

Mac. O, the young baronet is o'the road. I was mighty afraid he had o'rta'en me; for between Canterbury and Rochester, I was stopt and robb'd by a highwayman.

Crab. Robb'd! What the devil cou'd he rob you of?

Mac. In gude troth, not a mighty booty. Buchanan's history, Lauder against Melton, and two pound of high-dry'd Glasgow.

Crab. A good travelling equipage. Well, and what's become of your cub? where have you left him?

Mac. Main you Sir Charles?—I left him at Calais, with another young nobleman returning from his travel's. But why caw ye him cub, Maister Crab? In gude troth, there's a meeghty alteration.

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Crab. Yes, yes; I have a shrewd guess at his improvements.

Mac. He's quite a phenomenon.

Crab. Oh, a comet, I dare swear; but not an unusual one at Paris. The Faux-bourg of St. Germain's swarms with such to the no small amusement of our very good friends the French.

Mac. Oh, the French were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the language, I suppose he's a perfect master of that?

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need; but he is na quite maister of the accent.

Crab. A most astonishing progress!

Mac. Suspend your judgment a while, and you'll find him all you wish, allowing for the sallies of juvenility; and I must take the vanity to myself of being, in a great measure, the author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful copy of the admirable original, he must be a finish'd piece.

Mac. You are pleased to compliment.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I suppose you and your——What's your name?

Mac. Macruthen, at your service.

Crab. Macruthen! Hum! You and your pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young gentleman is of an amiable disposition.

Crab. Oh, ay; and it would be wrong to sour his temper. You know your duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maister Crab.

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'*Crab.* Oh, by no means, Mr. Macruthen; all 'your bus'ness was to keep him out of frays; to 'take care, for the sake of his health, that his wine 'was genuine, and his mistresses as they shou'd be. 'You pimp'd for him, I suppose?

'*Mac.* Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront——

'*Crab.* To suppose the contrary would be the 'affront, Mr. Tutor. What, man, you know the 'world. 'Tis not by contradiction, but by compli-'ance, that men make their fortunes. And was it 'for you to thwart the humour of a lad upon the 'threshold of ten thousand pounds a-year?

'*Mac.* Why, to be sure, great allowances must be 'made.

'*Crab.* No doubt, no doubt!'

Mac. I see, Maister Crab, you know mankind. You are Sir John Buck's executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little thought that may be useful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Cou'd na we contrive to make a hond o'the young baronet.

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you by the will, have the care o'the cash; and I can make a shift to manage the lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And so between us both, we may contrive to ease him of that inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ, and apply it to our own use. You do know how.

Mac. Ye ha' hit it.

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Crab. Why, what a superlative rascal art thou, thou inhospitable villain! Under the roof and in the presence of thy benefactor's representative, with almost his ill-bestowed bread in thy mouth, art thou plotting the perdition of his only child? And from what part of my life didst thou derive a hope of my compliance with such a hellish scheme?

'*Mac.* Maister Crab, I am of a nation——

'*Crab.* Of known honour and integrity—I allow 'it. The kingdom you have quitted, in consigning 'the care of its monarch, for ages to your predeces- 'sors, in preference to its proper subjects, has given 'you a brilliant panegyric, that no other people can 'parallel.

'*Mac.* Why, to be sure——

'*Crab.* And one happiness it is, that though na- 'tional glory can beam a brightness on particulars, 'the crimes of individuals can never reflect a dis- 'grace upon their country. Thy apology but ag- 'gravates thy guilt.'

Mac. Why, Maister Crab, I——

Crab. Guilt and confusion choak thy utterance. Avoid my sight; vanish. (*Exit Mac.*) A fine fellow this to protect the person, inform the inexperience, direct and moderate the desires of an unbridled boy! 'But can it be strange, whilst the parent neg- 'ligently accepts a superficial recommendation to so 'important a trust, that the person, whose wants, 'perhaps, more than his abilities, make desirous of 'it, should consider the youth as a kind of property 'and not study what to make him, but what to

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'make of him; and thus prudently lay a foundation 'for his future sordid hopes, by a criminal compli- 'ance with the lad's present prevailing passions?' But vice and folly rule the world—Without, there. (*Enter Ser.*) Rascal, where d'you run, blockhead? Bid the girl come hither.—Fresh instances, every moment, fortify my abhorrence, my detestation, of mankind. 'This turn may be term'd misanthropy, 'and imputed to chagrin and disappointment; but 'it can only be by those fools who, thro' softness or 'ignorance, regard the faults of others, like their 'own, thro' the wrong end of the perspective.'

Enter LUCINDA.

So, what, I suppose your spirits are all afloat? You have heard your fellow's coming.

Luc. If you had your usual discernment, Sir, you wou'd distinguish in my countenance an expression very different from that of joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I suppose your monkey has broke his chain, or your parrot dy'd in moulting.

Luc. A person less censorious than Mr. Crab, might assign a more generous motive for my distress.

Crab. Distress! A pretty poetical phrase! What motive canst thou have for distress? Has not Sir John Buck's death assured thy fortune? and art not thou——

Luc. By that very means, a helpless, unprotected orphan.

Crab. Poh! pr'ythee, wench, none of thy roman- tic cant to me. What, I know the sex: the

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objects of every woman's wish are property and power. The first you have, and the second you won't be long without; for here's a puppy riding post to put on your chains.

'*Luc.* It wou'd appear affectation not to under-'stand you. And to deal freely, it was upon that 'subject I wish'd to engage you.

'*Crab.* Your information was needless; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why so severe? I did flatter myself that the very warm recommendation of your deceased friend wou'd have abated a little of that rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, Lucy. Age and contempt have long shut these gates against flattery and dissimulation. You have no sex for me. Without preface, speak your purpose.

Luc. What then, in a word, is your advice with regard to my marrying Sir Charles Buck?

Crab. And do you seriously want my advice?

Luc. Most sincerely.

Crab. Then you are a blockhead. Why, where cou'd you mend yourself? Is not he a fool, a fortune, and in love?—Look'ee, girl. (*Enter Servant.*) Who, sent for you, Sir?

Ser. Sir, my young master's post-chaise is broke down at the corner of the street by a coal-cart. His cloaths are all dirt, and he swears like a trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why, then carry his chaise to the coach-maker's, his coat to a scowerer's, and him before a justice——Pr'ythee, why dost trouble me? I suppose you wou'd not meet your gallant?

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Luc. Do you think I shou'd?

Crab. No, retire. And if this application for my advice is not a copy of your countenance, a mask; if you are obedient I may set you right.

Luc. I shall with pleasure follow your directions. [*Exit.*

Crab. 'Yes, so long as they correspond with your 'own inclination.' Now we shall see what Paris has done for this puppy. But here he comes, light as the cork in his heels, or the feather in his hat.

Enter BUCK LORD JOHN, LA LOIRE, BEARNOIS, *and* MACRUTHEN.

Buck. Not a word, mi Lor; *jernie*, it is not to be supported!—after being *rompu tout vif*, disjointed by that execrable *pave*, to be tumbled into a kennel by a filthy *charbonnier*, a dirty retailer of sea-coal, *morbleu!*

L. John. An accident that might have happened any where, Sir Charles.

Buck. And then the hideous hootings of that detestable *canaille*, that murtherous mob, with the barbarous, "Monsieur in the mud, huzza!" Ah, *pàis sauvage*, *barbare inhospitable!* Ah, ah, *qu'est ce-que nous avons?* Who?

Mac. That is Maister Crab, your father's exeutor.

Buck. Ha, ha, *Serviteur tres humble*, *Monsieur*. *Eh bien!* What? is he dumb? Mac, mi Lor, *mort de ma vie*, the veritable Jack roast beef of the French Comedy. Ha, ha! how do you do, Monsieur Jack-roast-beef?

Crab. Pr'ythee take a turn or two about the room

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Buck. A turn or two! *Volontiers. Eh bien!* Well, have you in your life, seen any thing so, Ha, ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many spectators of your tumble.

Buck. Pourquoi? Why so?

Crab. Because I wou'd not have the public curiosity forestalled. I can't but think, in a country so fond of strange sights, if you were kept up a little, you wou'd bring a great deal of money.

Buck. I don't know, my dear, what my person wou'd produce in this country, but the counterpart of your very grotesque figure has been extremely beneficial to the comedians from whence I came. *N'est-ce pas vrai*, mi Lor? Ha, ha!

L. John. The resemblance does not strike me. Perhaps I may seem singular; but the particular customs of particular countries, I own never appeared to me as proper objects of ridicule.

Buck. Why so?

L. John. Because in this case it is impossible to have a rule for your judgment. The forms and customs which climate, constitution, and government, have given to one kingdom, can never be transplanted with advantage to another founded on different principles. And thus, though the habits and manners of different countries may be directly opposite, yet, in my humble conception, they may be strictly, because naturally, right.

Crab. Why, there are some glimmerings of common sense about this young thing. Hark'ee, child, by what accident did you stumble upon this block-

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head?——(*To Buck.*) I suppose the line of your understanding is too short to fathom the depth of your companion's reasoning.

Buck. My dear! [*Gapes.*

Crab. I say you can draw no conclusion from the above premisses.

Buck. Who, I? Damn your premisses and conclusions too. But this I conclude, from what I have seen, my dear, that the French are the first people in the universe; that in the arts of living, they do or ought to give laws to the whole world; and that whosoever wou'd either eat, drink, dress, dance, fight, sing, or even sneeze, *avec elegance*, must go to Paris to learn it. This is my creed.

Crab. And these precious principles you are come here to propagate?

Buck. *C'est vrai*, Monsieur Crab:, and with the aid of these brother missionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many proselytes. And now for a detail of their qualities. *Bearnois avancez.* This is an officer of my household, unknown to this country.

Crab. And what may he be?——I'll humour the puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiss porter. *Tenez vous droit Bearnois.* There's a fierce figure to guard the gate of an hotel.

Crab. What, do you suppose that we have no porter's?

Buck. Yes, you have dunces that open doors; a drudgery that this fellow does by deputy. But for intrepidity in denying a disagreeable visitor; for po-

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liteness in introducing a mistress; acuteness in discerning, and constancy in excluding a dun, a greater genius never came from the Cantons.

Crab. Astonishing qualities!

Buck. Retirez, Bearnois. But here's a *bijou*, here's a jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire. Comment trouvez vouz ce Paris ici?*

La Loire. Très bien.

Buck. Very well. Civil creature! This, Monsieur Crab, is my cook La Loire; and for *hors d'œuvres, entre votis, ragoûts, entremets*, and the disposition of a dessert, Paris never saw his parallel.

Crab. His wages, I suppose, are proportioned to his merit.

Buck. A bagatelle, a trifle. Abroad but a bare two hundred. Upon his cheerful compliance in coming hither into exile with me, I have indeed doubled his stipend.

Crab. You could do no less.

Buck. And now, Sir, to complete my equipage, *regardez Monsieur La Jonquil*, my first valet de chambre, excellent in every thing; but *pour l'accommodage*, for decorating the head inimitable. In one word, La Jonquil shall, for fifty to five, knot, twist, tie, frieze, cut, curl, or comb with any garcon perruquier, from the Land's-end to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite fund of public spirit must you have, to drain your purse, mortify your inclination, and expose your person, for the mere improvement of your countrymen!

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Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at present I had another reason of returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why, I find there is a likelihood of some little fracas between us. But, upon my soul, we must be very brutal to quarrel with the dear agreeable creatures for a trifle.

Crab. They have your affections then?

Buck. De tout mon cœur. From the infinite civility shown to us in France, and their friendly professions in favour of our country, they can never intend us an injury.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their humour to a hair. But I can have no longer patience with the puppy. Civility and friendship, you booby! Yes, their civility at Paris has not left you a guinea in your pocket, nor would their friendship to your nation leave it a foot of land in the universe.

Buck. Lord John, this is a strange old fellow. Take my word for it, my dear, you mistake this thing egregiously. But all you English are constitutionally sullen.—November-fogs, with salt boil'd beef, are most cursed recipes for good-humour or a quick apprehension. Paris is the place. 'Tis there men laugh, love, and live. '*Vive l'amour! Sans amour,*
' *et sans ses desirs, un cœur est bien moins heureux qu'il*
' *ne pense.*

' *Crab.* Now, wou'd not any soul suppose that
' this yelping hound had a real relish for the coun-
' try he has quitted?

' *Buck.* A mighty unnatural supposition, truly.

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'*Crab.* Foppery and affectation all.

'*Buck.* And do you really think Paris a kind of 'purgatory, ha, my dear?

'*Crab.* To thee the most solitary spot upon 'earth, my dear.——Familiar puppy!

'*Buck.* Whimsical enough.' But come, *pour passer le tems*, let us, Old Diogenes, enter into a little debate. Mi Lor, and you, Macruthen, determine the dispute between that source of delights, *ce paradis de plaisir*, and this cave of care, this seat of scurvy and the spleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Mai ter Crab has met with his match.

Buck. And first for the great pleasure of life, the pleasure of the table: Ah, *quelle difference!* The ease, the wit, the wine, the *badinage*, the *persistage*, the *double entendre*, the *chansons à boire!* O what delicious moments have I pass'd *chez Madame la Duchesse de Barbouliac!*

Crab. Your mistress, I suppose?

Buck. Who I! *Fi donc!* How is it possible for a woman to have a *penchant* for me? Hey, Mac!

Mac. Sir Charles is too much a man of honour to blab. But, to say truth, the whole city of Paris thought as much.

Crab. A precious fellow this!

Buck. Taisez vous, Mac. But we lose the point in view. Now, Monsieur Crab, let me conduct you to what you call an entertainment. And first: the melancholy mistress is fix'd in her chair, where, by-the-bye, she is condemn'd to do more drudgery

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than a dray-horse. Next proceeds the master to marshal the guests; in which as much caution is necessary as at a coronation; with, "My lady, sit here," and, "Sir Thomas, sit there;" till the length of the ceremony, with the length of the grace, have destroy'd all apprehensions of the meat's burning your mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' say, Sir Charles was a phenomenon?

Crab. Peace, puppy.

Buck. Then, in solemn silence, they proceed to demolish the substantials, with perhaps an occasional interruption of, "Here's to you, friends;" "Hob or nob;" "Your love and mine." Pork succeeds to beef, pies to puddings. The cloth is remov'd. Madam, drench'd with a bumper, drops a curtsey, and departs; leaving the jovial host with his sprightly companions, to tobacco, port, and politics. '*Voilà un repas à la mode d'Angleterre, Monsieur Crab.*'

Crab. It is a thousand pities that your father is not a living witness of these prodigious improvements.

Buck. C'est vrai. But, *à propos*, he is dead, as you say, and you are—

Crab. Against my inclination, his executor.

Buck. Peut-etre; well, and—

Crab. Oh, my trust will soon determine. One article, indeed, I am strictly enjoined to see performed; your marriage with your old acquaintance Lucinda.

'*Buck.* Ha, ha, *la petite Lucinde! et comment—*'

Crab. Pry'thee, peace, and hear me. She is be-

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queath'd conditionally, that if you refuse to marry her, twenty thousand pounds; and if she rejects you, which I suppose she will have the wisdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, Mac? But could not we have an *entrevüe?*

Crab. Who's there? Let Lucinda know we expect her.

Mac. Had na'ye better, Sir Charles, equip yoursell in a more suitable garb upon a first visit to your mistress?

Crab. Oh, such a figure and address can derive no advantage from dress.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, Mac's hint may not be so *mal à propos. Allons, Jonquil je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi Lor, shall I trespass upon your patience? My toilette is but a work of ten minutes. Mac, dispose of my domestics *a leur aise*, and then attend me with my port-feuille, and read, while I dress, those remarks I made in last voyage from Fountainebleau to Compeigne. *Serviteur, Messieurs.*

Car le bon vin
Du matin,
Sortant du tonneau,
Vaut bien miex que
Le Latin
De tout la Sarbonne. [*Exit.*

Crab. This is the most consummate coxcomb! I told the fool of a father what a puppy Paris would produce him; but travel is the word, and the consequence an importation of every foreign folly: And

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thus the plain persons and principles of Old England are so confounded and jumbl'd with the excrementitious growth of every climate, that we have lost all our ancient characteristic, and are become a bundle of contradictions, a piece of patch-work, a mere harlequin's coat.

L. John Do you suppose then, Sir, that no good may be obtain'd——

Crab. Why, prythee, what have you gain'd?

L. John. I should be sorry my acquisitions were to determine the debate. But, do you think, Sir, the shaking off some native qualities, and the being made more sensible, from comparison, of cerain national and constitutional advantages, objects unworthy the attention?

Crab. You show the favourable side, young man: But how frequently are substituted for national prepossessions, always harmless, and often happy, guilty and unnatural prejudices?—'Unnatural!—For 'the wretch who is weak and wicked enough to de-'spise his country, sins against the most laudable 'law of nature; he is a traitor to the community 'where Providence has placed him, and should be 'deny'd those social benefits he has render'd himself unworthy to partake.' But sententious lectures are ill calculated for your time of life.

L. John. I differ from you here, Mr. Crab. Principles that call for perpetual practice cannot be too soon receiv'd. I sincerely thank you, Sir, for this communication, and should be happy to have always near me so moral a monitor.

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Crab. You are indebted to France for her flattery. But I leave you with a lady, where it will be better employed.

Enter LUCINDA.

Crab. This young man waits here till your puppy is powder'd. You may ask him after your French acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not seem to be altogether so great a fool as your fellow. [*Exit.*

Luc. I am afraid, Sir, you have had but a disagreeable *tête a tête.*

L. John. Just the contrary, Madam. By good sense, ting'd with singularity, we are entertain'd as well as improv'd. For a lady, indeed, Mr. Crab's manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a jot; I am familiarized to them. I know his integrity, and can never be disoblig'd by his sincerity.

L. John. This declaration is a little particular from a lady who must have received her first impressions in a place remarkable for its delicacy to the fair-sex. But good-sense can conquer even early habits.

Luc. This compliment I can lay no claim to. The former part of my life procured me but very little indulgence. The pittance of knowledge I possess was taught me by a very severe mistress, Adversity. But you, Sir, are too well acquainted with Sir Charles Buck not to have known my situation.

L. John. I have heard your story, Madam, before I had the honour of seeing you. It was affecting:

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You'll pardon the declaration; it now becomes interesting.—However, it is impossible I should not congratulate you on the near approach of the happy catastrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the will of another, a thousand unforeseen accidents may interrupt.

L. John. Could I hope, Madam, your present critical condition would acquit me of temerity, I should take the liberty to presume, if the suit of Sir Charles be rejected——

Enter CRAB.

Crab. So, youngster! what I suppose you are already practising one of your foreign lessons. Perverting the affections of a friend's mistress, or debauching his wife, are mere peccadilloes in modern morality—But at present you are my care. That way conducts you to your fellow-traveller. (*Exit L. John.*) —I wou'd speak with you in the library. [*Exit.*

Luc. I shall attend you, Sir. Never was so unhappy an interruption. What cou'd my Lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me.—Gratitude and duty demand my compliance with the dying wish of my benefactor, my friend, my father. But am I then to sacrifice all my future peace? But reason not, rash girl! obedience is thy province.

Tho' hard the task, be it my part to prove,
That sometimes duty can give laws to love.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.

BUCK *at his toilet, attended by three Velet de chambre and* MACRUTHEN.

Macruthen.

'NOTWITHSTANDING aw his plain-dealing, I 'doubt whether Maister Crab is so honest a man.

'*Buck.* Pr'ythee, Mac, name not the monster. 'If I may be permitted a quotation from one of 'their paltry poets,

'*Who is knight of the shire represents 'em all.*

'Did ever mortal see such *mirrors*, such looking-'glass, as they have here too? One might as well 'address one's self for information to a bucket of 'water —*La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge assez. He 'bien, Mac, miserable!* Hey!

'*Mac.* 'Tis very becoming.

'*Buck.* Ay, it will do for this place; I really 'cou'd have forgiven my father's living a year or 'two longer, rather than be compelled to return to 'this.——(*Enter L. John.*) My dear Lord, *je de-'mand mille pardons*; but the terrible fracas in my 'chaise had so gaſéd and disordered my hair, that 'it required an age to adjust it.

'*L. John.* No apology, Sir Charles, I have been 'entertain'd very agreeably.

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'*Buck.* Who have you had, my dear Lord, to entertain you?

'*L. John.* The very individual lady that's soon to make you a happy husband.

'*Buck.* A happy who? Husband?——What two very opposite ideas have you confounded *ensemble!* —In my conscience, I believe there's contagion in the clime, and mi Lor is infected. But pray, mi dear Lor, by what accident have you discovered that I was upon the point of becoming that happy ——Oh, *un mari! Diable!*

'*L. John.* The lady's beauty and merit, your inclinations, and your father's injunctions, made me conjecture that.

'*Buck.* And can't you suppose that the lady's beauty may be possess'd, her merit rewarded, and my inclinations gratify'd, without an absolute obedience to that fatherly injunction?

'*L. John.* It does not occur to me.

'*Buck.* No, I believe not, mi Lor. Those kind of talents are not given to every body. *Donnez moi mon manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the lady.

Enter SERVANT.

'*Ser.* Young Squire Racket and Sir Toby Tallyhoe, who call themselves your Honour's old acquaintances.

'*Buck.* Oh the brutes! By what accident cou'd they discover my arrival? Mi dear, dear Lor, aid me to escape this embarras.

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Racket and Tallyhoe without.

'Hoic a boy, hoic a boy.

'*Buck.* Let me die if I do not believe the Hottentots have brought a whole hundred of hounds 'with them. But, they say, forms keep fools at a 'distance. I'll receive them *en ceremoni.*

Enter RACKET *and* TALLYHOE.

'*Tally.* Hey boy; hoics, my little Buck.

'*Buck. Monsieur le Chevalier, votres tres humble serviteur.*

'*Tally.* Hey.

'*Buck. Monsieur Racket, je suis charmé de vous 'voir.*

'*Rack.* Anon! what?

'*Buck. Ne m'entendez vous?* Don't you know 'French?

'*Rack.* Know French! No, nor you neither, I 'think. Sir Toby, 'fore Gad, I believe the Papistes 'ha' bewitch'd him in foreign parts.

'*Tally.* Bewitch'd, and transform'd him too. Let 'me perish, Racket, if I don't think he's like one 'of the folks we used to read of at school, in Ovid's 'Metamorphosis; that they have turned him into a 'beast.

'*Rack.* A beast! No; a bird, you fool. Lookee, 'Sir Toby, by the Lord Harry, here are his wings.

'*Tally.* Hey! ecod, and so they are, ha, ha! I 'reckon, Racket, he came over with the wood-'cocks.

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'*Buck.* *Voila des véritable Anglois.* The rustic, 'rude ruffians!

'*Rack.* Let us see what the devil he has got upon 'his pole, Sir Toby.

'*Tally.* Ay.

'*Buck.* Do, dear savage, keep your distance.

'*Tally.* Nay, 'fore George we will have a scrutiny.

'*Rack.* Ay, ay, a scrutiny.

'*Buck.* *En grace la Jonquil,* mi Lor, protect me 'from these pirates.

'*L. John.* A little compassion, I beg gentlemen. '—Consider Sir Charles is upon a visit to his bride.

'*Tally.* Bride! Zounds, he's fitter for a band-box '—Racket, hocks the heels.

'*Rack.* I have 'em, Knight. 'Fore gad, he is the 'very reverse of a Bantam cock—His comb's on his 'feet, and his feathers on his head.——Who have 'we got here? What are these three fellows? Pas-'try-cooks?

'*Enter* CRAB.

'*Crab.* And is this one of your newly-acquired 'accomplishments, letting your mistress languish for 'a—but you have company, I see.

'*Buck.* O yes; I have been inexpressibly happy. '—These gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, 'upon my arrival, with what I believe, they call in 'this country a rout——My dear Lor, if you don't 'favour my flight——But see if the toads an't tum-'bling my toilet.

'*L. John.* Now's your time, steal off—I'll cover 'your retreat.

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'*Buck.* Mac, let La Jonquil follow to resettle my 'cheveux.——*Je vous remercie mille, mille fois, mon* 'cher, mi Lor.

'*Rack.* Hola, Sir Toby, stole away!

'*Buck. O mon dieu!*

'*Tally.* Poh, rot him; let him alone. He'll never do for our purpose. You must know we intended to kick up a riot to-night at the play-house, and we wanted him of the party; but that fop would swoon at the sight of a cudgel.

'*L. John.* Pray, Sir, what is your cause of contention?

'*Tally.* Cause of contention! Hey, faith, I know nothing of the matter. Rackett, what is it we are angry about?

Rack. Angry about!—Why, you know we are to demolish the dancers.

'*Tally.* True, true; I had forgot. Will you make one?

'*L. John.* I beg to be excused.

'*Rack.* Mayhap you are a friend to the French.

'*L. John.* Not I, indeed, Sir—But if the occasion will permit me a pun, though I am far from being a well-wisher to their arms, I have no objection to the being entertained by their legs.

'*Tally.* Ay,—Why then, if you'll come to-night, you'll split your sides with laughing; for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faster, than ever they have done since the battle of Blenheim. Come along Rackett. [*Exit.*

L. John. Was there ever such a contrast?

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'*Crab.* Not so remote as you imagine; they are, 'cions from the same stock, set in different soils. 'The first shrub, you see, flowers most prodigally, 'but matures nothing; the last slip, tho' stunted, 'bears a little fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but still the 'growth of the clime. Come, you'll follow your 'friend.' [*Exit.*

Enter LUCINDA, *with a* SERVANT*.

Luc. When Mr. Crab or Sir Charles inquire for me, you will conduct them hither. (*Exit Ser.*) How I long for an end to this important interview! Not that I have any great expectations from the issue; but still in my circumstances, a state of suspense is of all situations most disagreeable. But hush, they come.

Enter Sir CHARLES, MACRUTHEN *Lord* JOHN *and* CRAB.

Buck. Mac, announce me.

Mac. Madam, Sir Charles Buck craves the honour, of kissing your hand.

Buck. Tres humble serviteur. Et comment sa porte, Mademoiselle? I am ravish'd to see thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde—Eh bien, ma reine!* Why you look divinely, child. But, *mon enfant*, they have dress'd you most diabolically. Why what a *coiffeure* must you have! and, *oh mon Dieu!* a total absence of *rouge*. But perhaps you are out. I had a cargo from Deff-

Act II. usually begins here.

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reny the day of my departure: Shall I have the honour to supply you?

Luc. You are obliging, Sir: but I confess myself a convert to the chaste customs of this country; and, with a commercial people, you know, Sir Charles, all artifice——

Buck. Artifice! You mistake the point, *ma chere.* A proper proportion of red is an indispensable part of your dress; and in my private opinion, a woman might as well appear in public without powder or a petticoat.

'*Crab.* And in my private opinion, a woman who 'puts on the first wou'd make very little difficulty 'in pulling off the last.

'*Buck.* Oh, Monsieur Crab's judgment must be 'decisive in dress. Well, and what amusements, 'what spectacles, what parties, what contrivances, to conquer father Time, that foe to the fair? I 'fancy one must *ennuier considerablement* in your London here.

'*Luc.* Oh, we are in no distress for diversions. 'We have an opera.

Buck. Italien, I suppose; *pitieable* shocking, *assom-* '*mant*! Oh, there is no supporting their *hi, hi, hi,* '*hi. Ah mon Dieu*! *Ah, chassè brilliant soleil,*

'*Brilliant soleil.*

'*A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil?*

'There's music and melody.

Luc. What a fop.

'*Buck.* But proceed, *ma princesse.*

'*Luc.* Oh, then we have plays.

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'*Buck.* That I deny, child.

'*Luc.* No plays!

'*Buck.* No.

'*Luc.* The assertion is a little whimsical.

'*Buck.* Ay, that may be; you have here dramatic
'things, farcical in their composition, and ridiculous
'in their representation.

'*Luc.* Sir, I own myself unequal to the contro-
'versy; but surely Shakespeare——My Lord, this
'subject calls upon you for its defence.

'*Crab.* I know from what fountain this fool has
'drawn his remarks; the author of the Chinese Or-
'phan, in the preface to which Mr. Voltaire calls
'the principal works of Shakespeare monstrous
'farces.

'*L. John.* Mr. Crab is right, Madam. Mr. Vol-
'taire has stigmatized with a very unjust and a very
'inviduous appellation the principal works of that
'great master of the passions; and his apparant
'motive renders him the more inexcuseable.

'*Luc.* What could it be, my Lord?

'*L. John.* The preventing his countrymen from
'becoming acquainted with our author, that he
'might be at liberty to pilfer from him with the
'greater security.

'*Luc.* Ungenerous, indeed!

'*Buck.* Palpable defamation.

'*Luc.* And as to the exibition, I have been taught
'to believe, that for a natural pathetic, and spirited
expression, no people upon earth———

'*Buck.* You are impos'd upon, child; the *Lequesne*,

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'the *Lanouc*, the *Grandval* the *Dumenil*, the *Gaussen*, 'what dignity, what action! But, *à propos*, I have 'myself wrote a tragedy in French.

'*Luc.* Indeed!

'*Buck. En verité*, upon Voltaire's plan.

'*Crab.* That must be a precious piece of work.

'*Buck.* It is now in repetition at the French co-'medy. Grandval and La Gaussen perform the 'principal parts. Oh, what an eclat! What a burst 'will it make in the parterre, when the king of 'Ananamaboe refuses the person of the princess of 'Cochineal!

'*Luc.* Do you remember the passage?

'*Buck.* Entire; and I believe I can convey it in 'their manner.

'*Luc.* That will be delightful.

'*Buck.* And first the king.

'*Ma chere princesse, je vous aime, c'est vrai;*

'*De ma femme vous portez les charmants attraits.*

'*Mais ce n'est pas honétte pour un homme tel que moi,*

'*De tromper ma femme, ou de rompre ma foi.*

'*Luc.* Inimitable!

'*Buck.* Now the princess; she is, as you may sup-'pose, in extreme distress.

'*Luc* No doubt.

'*Buck. Mon grand roy, mon cher adorable,*

'*Ayez pitié de moi je suis inconsolable.*

'(Then he turns his back upon her; at which she 'in a fury,)

'*Monstre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeste,*

'*Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteste!*

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' (Then he,)

' *Pensez vous, Madame, à me donner la loi?*

' *Vôtre haine, vôtre amour, sont les mêmes choses à*
' *moi.*

' *Luc.* Bravo!

' *L. John.* Bravo, bravo!

' *Buck.* Ay, there's passion and poetry, and rea-
' son and rhime. Oh, how I detest blood and blank
' verse! There is something so soft, so musical, and
' so natural, in the rich rhimes of the *theatre Fran-*
' *cois*!

' *L. John.* I did not know Sir Charles was so to-
' tally devoted to the belles lettres.

' *Buck.* Oh, entirely. 'Tis the ton, the taste. I
' am every night at the *Caffé* * *Procope*; and had
' not I had the misfortune to be born in this curst
' country, I make no doubt but you would have seen
' my name among the foremost of the French acad-
' emy.

' *Crab.* I should think you might easily get over
' that difficulty, if you will be but so obliging as pub-
' licly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of
' your countrymen should contradict or claim you.

' *Buck.* No!—Impossible. From the barbarity
' of my education, I must ever be taken for *un An-*
' *glois.*

' *Crab.* Never.

' *Buck. En verité?*

* A coffee-house opposite the French-comedy, where the wits assemble every evening.

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Crab. *En verité.*

Buck. You flatter me.

'*Crab.* But common justice.

'*Mac* Nay, Maister Crab is in the right; for I 'have often heard the French themselves say, Is it 'possible that gentleman can be British?

'*Buck.* Obliging creatures! And you all concur 'with them?

'*Crab.* Entirely.

'*Luc.* Entirely.

'*L. John.* Entirely.

'*Buck.* How happy you make me!'

Crab. Egregious puppy! But we lose time. A truce to this trumpery. You have read your father's will?

Buck. No; I read no English. When Mac has turn'd it into French, I may run over the items.

Crab. I have told you the part that concerns this girl. And as your declaration upon it will discharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *eclaircissement.* Come, my Lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monsieur Crab, mi Lor, Mac.

Crab. Along with us. [*Exit Crab and L. John.*

Buck. A comfortable scrape I am in! What the deuse am I to do? In the language of the place, I am to make love, I suppose. A pretty employment.

Luc. I fancy my hero is a little puzzled with his part. But now for it.

Buck. A queer creature, that Crab, *ma petite.* But, *à propos,* How d'you like my Lord?

Luc. He seems to have good sense and good breeding.

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Buck. *Pas trop.* But don't you think he has something of a foreign kind of air about him?

Luc. Foreign!

Buck. Ay, something so English in his manner?

Luc. Foreign and English! I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the ease, the *je ne scai quoi*, the *bon ton.*—In a word, he does not resemble me now.

Luc. Not in the least.

Buck. Ah, I thought so. He is to be pity'd, poor devil; he can't help it. But, *entre nous*, *ma chere*, the fellow has a fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir Charles?

Buck. Why, *je pense*, *ma reine*, that your eyes have done execution there.

Luc. My eyes execution!

Buck. Ay, child, is there any thing so extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the vivacity of his praise, that he had already summon'd the garrison to surrender.

Luc. To carry on the allusion, I believe my Lord is too good a commander to commence a fruitless siege. He cou'd not but know the condition of the town.

Buck Condition! Explain, *ma chere.*

Luc. I was in hopes your interview with Mr. Crab had made that unnecessary.

Buck. Oh, ay, I do recollect something of a ridiculous article about marriage in a will. But what a plot against the peace of two poor people! Well, the

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malice of some men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the mischief they can in their life, they are for entailing their malevolence, like their estates, to latest posterity.

Luc. Your contempt of me, Sir Charles, I receive as a compliment. But the infinite obligations I owe to the man who had the misfortune to call you son, compel me to insist, that, in my presence at least, no indignity be offered to his memory.

Buck. Heyday! What, in heroics, *ma reine?*

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial wretch! so soon to trample on his ashes, the greatest load of whose fond heart, in his last hour, were his fears for thy future welfare.

Buck. Ma foi, elle est folle, she is mad, *sans doute.*

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one sacred relation regard another? Can the monster who is corrupt enough to contemn the place of his birth, reverence those who gave him being?—Impossible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty monologue, a fine soliloquy this, child.

Luc. Contemptible! But I am cool.

Buck. I am mightily glad of it. Now we shall understand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do understand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuse me. Nothing is wanting but a formal rejection under your hand, and so concludes our acquaintance.

Buck. Vous allez trop vite; you are too quick, *ma chere.* If I recollect, the consequence of this rejec-

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tion is my paying you twenty thousand pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that, have not I the least inclination to do.

Luc. No, Sir? Why you own that marriage—

Buck. Is my aversion. I'll give you that under my hand, if you please; but I have a prodigious love for the Louis.

Luc. Oh, we'll soon settle that dispute; the law—

Buck. But, hold, *ma reine.* I don't find that my provident father has precisely determined the time of this comfortable conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the day of execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir!

Buck. I say, my soul, there goes no more to your dying a maid than my living a bachelor.

Luc. O, Sir, I shall find a remedy.

Buck. But now suppose, *ma belle,* I have found one to your hand?

Luc. As how? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And first, *mon enfante,* tho' I have an irresistible antipathy to the conjugal knot, yet I am by no means blind to your personal charms; in the possession of which, if you please to place me, not only the aforesaid twenty thousand pounds, but the whole *Terre* of your devoted shall fall at your—

Luc. Grant me patience!

Buck. Indeed you want it, my dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, Sir, your other. For this is—

Buck. I grant, not quite so fashionable as my

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other. It is then, in a word, that you would let this lubberly lord make you a lady, and appoint me his assistant, his private friend, his *cisisbei*. And as we are to be joint partakers of your person, let us be equal sharers in your fortune, *ma belle*.

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary thing. Thy mistress! Gracious Heaven! Universal empire shou'd not bribe me to be thy bride. And what apology, what excuse, cou'd a woman of the least sense or spirit make for so unnatural a connection!

Buck. Fort bien!

Luc. Where are thy attractions? Canst thou be weak enough to suppose thy frippery dress, thy affectation, thy grimace, cou'd influence beyond the borders of a brothel?

Buck. Très bien.

Luc. And what are thy improvements? Thy air is a copy from thy barber; for thy dress thou art indebted to thy taylor. Thou hast lost thy native language, and brought home none in exchange for it.

Buck. Extrêmement bien!

Luc. Had not thy vanity so soon exposed thy villainy, I might, in reverence to that name to which thou art a disgrace, have taken a wretched chance with thee for life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that; and a pretty pacific partner I should have had. Why, look'ee, child, you have been, to be sure, very eloquent, and upon the whole not unentertaining: tho' by the bye, you have forgot in your catalogue one of my

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foreign acquisitions; *c'est à dire*, that I can with a most intrepid *sang froid*, without a single emotion, support all this storm of female fury. But, *adieu, ma belle*; and when a cool hour of reflection has made you sensible of the propriety of my proposals, I shall expect the honour of a card. [*Exit Buck.*

'*Luc.* Be gone for ever.

'*Buck.* *Pour jamais*! 'Fore gad, she would make 'an admirable *actrice*. If I once get her to Paris, 'she shall play a part in my piece. [*Exit.*'

Luc. I am asham'd this thing has had the power to move me thus. Who waits there? Desire Mr. Crab—

Enter LORD JOHN *and* CRAB.

L. John. We have been unwillingly, Madam, silent witnesses to this shameful scene. I blush that a creature, who wears the outward mark of humanity, shou'd be in his morals so much below—

Crab. Pr'y thee why didst thou not call thy maids, and toss the booby in a blanket?

L. John. If I might be permitted, Madam, to conclude what I intended saying, when interrupted by Mr. Crab—

Luc. My Lord, don't think me guilty of affectation, I believe I guess at your generous design: but my temper is really so ruffled; besides, I am meditating a piece of female revenge on this coxcomb.

L. John. Dear Madam, can I assist?

Luc. Only by desiring my maid to bring hither

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the tea.—My Lord, I am confounded at the liberty, but—

L. John. No apology—You honour me, Madam. [*Exit.*

Crab. And pr'ythee, wench, what is thy scheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmless one, I promise you.

Crab. Zounds, I am sorry for it. I long to see the puppy severely punished, methinks.

Luc. Sir Charles, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the house. Will you desire him to step hither?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wish to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll send him. [*Exit.*

Enter LETTICE.

Luc. Place these things on the table, a chair on each side—very well. Do you keep within call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, Lettice.

[*Exit Lettice.*

Enter BUCK.

Buck. So, so, I thought she wou'd come too; but, I confess, not altogether so soon. *Eh bien, ma belle,* see me ready to receive your commands.

Luc. Pray be seated, Sir Charles. I am afraid the natural warmth of my temper might have hurried me into some expressions not altogether so suitable.

Buck. Ah, *bagatelle.* Name it not.

Luc. Will you drink tea, Sir?

Buck. Volontiers. This tea is a pretty innocent

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kind of *beverage*; I wonder the French don't take it. I have some thoughts of giving it a fashion next winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme service to the ladies th's side the water, you know.

Buck. True, it promotes parties, and infuses a kind of spirit into conversation, 'that——

'*Luc. En voulez-vous encore?*

'*Buck. Je vous rends mille graces.*'——But what has occasioned me, *ma reine*, the honour of your message by Mr. Crab?

Luc. The favours I have received from your family, Sir Charles, I thought demanded from me, at my quitting your house, a more decent and ceremonious adieu than our last interview would admit of.

Buck. Is that all, *ma chere?* I thought your flinty heart had at last relented. Well, *ma reine*, adieu.

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The fates will have it so.

Luc. Go then, perfidious traitor, be gone; I have this consolation, however, that if I cannot legally possess you, no other woman shall.

Buck. Hey, how, what!

Luc. And though the pleasure of living with you is deny'd me, in our deaths, at least, we shall soon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in death! When, child?

Luc. Within this hour.

Buck. Which way?

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Luc. The fatal draught's already at my heart. I feel it here; it runs thro' every pore. Pangs, pangs, unutterable! The tea we drank, urg'd by despair and love—Oh!

Buck. Well.

Luc. I poison'd———

Buck. The devil!

Luc. And as my generous heart wou'd have shar'd all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curse your generosity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold comfort of a last embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it may'nt be too late. Macruthen, Jonquil, physicians, apothecaries, oil, and antidotes. Oh! *Je meurs! je meurs! Ah, la diablesse!* [*Exit Buck.*

Enter LORD JOHN *and* CRAB.

Crab. A brave wench. I cou'd kiss thee for this contrivance.

L. John. He really deserves it all.

Crab. Deserves it! Hang him. But the sensible resentment of this girl has almost reconciled me to the world again. But stay, let us see——Can't we make a farther use of the puppy's punishment? I suppose we may very safely depend on your contempt of him?

Luc. Most securely.

Crab. And this young thing here has been breathing passions and protestations. But I'll take care my

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girl shan't go a beggar to any man's bed. We must have this twenty thousand pound, Lucy.

L. John. I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be——

Crab. Psha, don't scorch me with thy flames. Reserve your raptures; or, if they must have vent, retire into that room whilst I go plague the puppy.

[*Exit Crab one way, Lucy and L. John another.*

SCENE *changes and discovers* BUCK, MACRUTHEN, JONQUIL, BEARNOIS, LA LOIRE, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON. BUCK *in a cap and night-gown.*

Surg. This copious phlebotomy will abate the inflammation; and if the six blisters on your head and back rise, why there may be hopes.

Buck. Cold comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a shoot. And now again, I freeze.

Mac. Ay, They are aw symptoms of a strong poiſon.

Buck. Oh, I am on the rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the vitals, a fig for aw antidotes.

Enter CRAB.

Crab. Where is this miserable devil? What, is he alive still?

Mac. In gude troth, and that's aw.

Buck. Oh!

Crab. So, you have made a pretty piece of work on't, young man!

Buck. O what cou'd provoke me to return from Paris.

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Crab. Had you never been there, this cou'd not have happened.

' *Enter* RACKET *and* TALLYHOE.

' *Rack.* Where is he?—He's a dead man, his eyes ' are fix'd already.

' *Buck.* Oh!

' *Tally.* Who poison'd him, Racket?

' *Rack.* Gad I don't know.——His French cook, ' I reckon.

Crab. Were there a possibility of thy reformation, I have yet a secret to restore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it!

Crab. Not so fast. It must be on good conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my estate, my—save but my life, take all.

Crab. First, then, renounce thy right to that lady, whose just resentment has drawn this punishment upon thee, and in which she is an unhappy partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my soul.

Crab. To this declaration you are witnesses. Next, your tawdry trappings, your foreign foppery, your washes, paints, pomades, must blaze before your door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a rag shall be reserv'd. The execution of this part of your sentence shall be assign'd to your old friends here.

Buck. Well, take 'em.

' *Tally.* Huzzah? Come, Racket, let's rummage

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Crab. And, lastly, I'll have these exotic attendants, these instruments of your luxury, these pandars to your pride, pack'd in the first cart, and sent post to the place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but La Jonquil.

Crab. Not an instant. The importation of these puppies makes a part of the politics of your old friends the French; unable to resist you whilst you retain your ancient roughness, they have recourse to these minions, who would first by unmanly means sap and soften all your native spirit, and then deliver you an easy prey to their employers.

Buck. Since then it must be so, adieu La Jonquil.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Crab. And now to the remedy. Come forth, Lucinda.

Enter LUCINDA *and* LORD JOHN.

Buck. Hey, why did not she swallow the poison?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you blockhead.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in pangs?

Luc. Ay, put on. The tea was innocent, upon my honour, Sir Charles. But you allow me to be an excellent *actrice.*

'*Enter* RACKET *and* TALLYHOE.'

Buck. Oh, curse your talents!

Crab. This fellow's 'public' renunciation has put your person and fortune in your own power; and if you were sincere in your declaration of being directed by me, bestow it there.

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Luc. As a proof of my sincerity, my Lord, receive it.

L. John. With more transport than Sir Charles the news of his safety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not at present in a condition to take possession of your post.

Buck. What?

Luc. Oh, you recollect; my Lord's private friend; his assistant, you know.

Buck. Oh, oh!

Mac. But, Sir Charles, as I find the affair of the poison was but a joke, had na' ye better withdraw and tak off your blisters?

Crab. No, let 'em stick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my care. But before we close the scene, receive, young man, this last advice from the old friend of your father: As it is your happiness to be born a Briton, let it be your boast; know that the blessings of liberty are your birth-right, which while you preserve, other nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or contemn you. Believe, that French fashions are as ill suited to the genius, as their politics are pernicious to the peace of your native land.

A convert to these sacred truths, you'll find
That poison for your punishment design'd
Will prove a wholesome medicine to your mind.

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EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BELLAMY.

AMONG the arts to make a piece go down,
And fix the fickle favour of the town,
An Epilogue is deem'd the surest way
To atone for all the errors of the play.
Thus, when pathetic strains have made you cry,
In trips the comic muse, and wipes your eye.
With equal reason, when she has made you laugh,
Melpomone should send sniveling off;
But here our bard, unequal to the task,
Rejects the dagger, and retains the masque:
Fain would he send you cheerful home to-night,
And harmless mirth by honest means excite;
Scorning, with luscious phrase or double sense,
To raise a laughter at the fair's expence.
What method shall we choose your taste to hit;
Will no one lend our bard a little wit?
Thank ye, kind souls, I'll take it from the pit.
The piece concluded, and the curtain down,
Up starts that fatal phalanx call'd The Town;
In full assembly weighs our author's fate;
And surly thus commences the debate:

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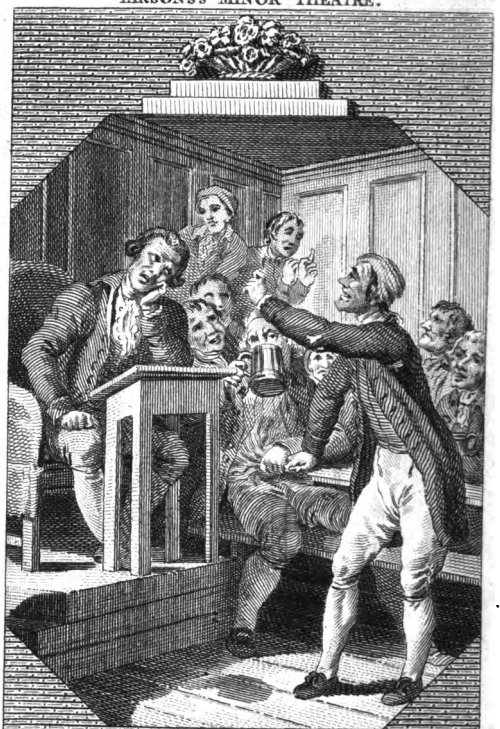
PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.



ORATORS.
Act 2. Sc. 1.

Richter del.

Printed for J. Barrow, 11, Bittern-street Row. May 1st[illegible]

Colnaghi sc.

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THE ORATORS.

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL HAY-MARKET.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, N° 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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THE ORATORS.

THIS production was first presented to the town as a morning entertainment, in the summer of 1762, at the little theatre in the Hay-market.

The Cock Lane Ghost *was not effectually laid, till brought to its trial at this court of ridicule. The lower and midling orders of the people repaired to the theatre, where they laughed away those prejudices which had too long resisted the efforts of reason.*

The proprietor of a public print of some popularity in a neighbouring kingdom, well known for his vanity, which, in defiance of personal defects of nature and accident, led him to affect the man of gallantry, and to imagine the attractions of his form were irresitable, was another subject properly exposed before those who saw the resemblance, and enjoyed the irony.

The Robin Hood *Society, where the powers of the disputants, yielding to the contents of the tankard, evaporated in fume and inebriation, came in likewise for its portion of notice.*

Part of the performance laying before the curtain, was a novelty which surprized some, offended others, but pleased the better part of the audience, who entered into the spirit of the joke on the first repetition; by the second it was perfectly understood, and met with general applause.

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Dramatis Personae.

HAY-MARKET.

Lecturer.

MR. FOOTE

Pupils.

MR. WESTON
MR. PYNN
MR. QUICK
MR. BANNISTER
MR. DAVIS
MR. LOVEMAN
MR. CASTLE
MR. PALMER
MR. STRANGE
MR. SMITH

Spectators.

MR. PEARCE
MR. KEEN
MR. GARDINER
MR. NEWTON
MR. SHUTER.

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THE ORATORS.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter WILL TIREHACK *and* HARRY SCAMPER, *booted, with whips in their hands, into a side-box.*

Scamper.

PSHA! zounds! prithee, Will, let us go; what signifies our staying here?

Tire. Nay, but tarry a little; besides, you know we prumis'd to give Poll Bayless and Bett Skinner the meeting.

Scam. No matter, we shall be sure to find them at three at the Shakespeare.

Tire. But as we are here, Harry, let us know a little what 'tis about?

Scam. About! Why lectures, you fool! Have not you read the bills; and we have plenty of them at Oxford, you know?

Tire. Well, but for all that there may be fun.

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Scam. Why then, stay and enjoy it yourself; and I'll step to the Bull and Gate, and call upon Jerry Lack-Latin and my horse. We shall see you at three? [*Rising.*

Tire. Nay, but, prithee, stay.

Scam. Rot me if I do. [*Going out of the box.*

Tire. Halloo, Harry; Harry——

Scam. Well, what's the matter now? [*Returning.*

Tire. Here's Poll Bayless just come into the gallery.

Scam. No——

Tire. She is, by——

Scam. (*looking.*) Yes, faith! it is she, sure enough —How goes it, Poll?

Tire. Well, now, we shall have you, I hope?

Scam. Ay, if I thought we should get any fun.

Tire. I'll make an inquiry. Halloo! snuffers, snuffers?

Candle-snuffer. Your pleasure, Sir?

Tire. What is all this business about here?

Snuf. Can't say, Sir.

Scam. Well, but you could if you would, let us into the secret.

Snuf. Not I, upon my honour!

Tire. Your honour, you son of a whore! D'ye hear, bid your master come hither; we want to ask him a question?

Snuf. I will—— [*Exit.*

Tire. Scamper, will you ask him, or shall I?

Scam. Let me alone to him——

Enter FOOTE.

Tire. O! here he is——

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Foote. Your commands with me, gentlemen?

Scam. Why, you must know Will and I here are upon a scheme from Oxford; and because cash begins to run low—How much have you, Will?

Tire. Three and twenty shillings, besides the crown I paid at the door.

Scam. And I eighteen. Now, as this will last us but to-night, we are willing to husband our time; let us see, Will, how are we engag'd?

Tire. Why, at three, with Bett and poll, there at the Shakespeare: after that to the Corronation; for you know we have seen it but nine times——

Scam. And then back to the Shakespeare again; where we sup, and take horse at the door.

Tire. So there's no time to be lost, you see; we desire, therefore to know what sort of a thing this affair here of yours is? What, is it damn'd funny and commical?

Foote. Have you not seen the bills?

Scam. What about the lectures! ay, but that's all slang, I suppose; no, no. No tricks upon travellers; no, we know better —What, are there any more of you; or do you do it all yourself?

Foote. If I was in want of comedians, you gentlemen, are kind enough to lend me a lift; but, upon my word, my intentions, as the bill will inform you, are serious—

Tire. Are they? then I'll have my money again. What, do you think we come to London to learn any thing?—Come Will. [*Going.*

Foote. Hold, gentlemen, I would detain you, if possible. What is it you expect?

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Scam. To be jolly, and laugh, to be sure—

Foote. At what?

Tire. At what—damme, I don't know—at you, and your frolics and fancies——

Foote. If that is all you desire; why, perhaps we shan't disappoint you—

Scam. Shan't you— why, that is an honest fellow —come, begin—

Foote. But you'll be so kind as not to interrupt me?

Scam. Never fear—

Foote. Ladies and gentlemen——

[*Suds from the opposite box calls to Foote, and stops him short.*

Suds. Stop a minute; may I be permitted to speak?

Foote. Doubtless, Sir—

Suds. Why, the affair is this. My wife Alice— for you must know my name is Ephraim Suds, I am a soap-boiler in the city,—took it into her head, and nothing would serve her turn but that I must be a common-councilman this year; for says Alice, says she, it is the onliest way to rise in the world.

Foote. A just observation—you succeeded?

Suds. Oh! there was no danger of that—yes, yes, I got it all hollow; but now to come to the marrow of the business. Well, Alice, says I, now I am chosen, what's next to be done? "Why now, says "Alice, says she, thee must learn to make speeches; "why dost not see what purferment neighbour "Grogram has got; why man, 'tis all brought

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" about by his speechifying. I tell thee what, " Ephraim, if thou canst but once learn to lay down " the law there's no knowing to what thee may'st " rise—"

Foote. Your lady had reason.

Suds. Why, I thought so too; and, as good luck would have it, who should come into the city, in the very nick of time, but master professor along with his lectures—Adod, away in a hurry, Alice and I danced to Pewterer's Hall.

Foote. You improv'd, I hope?

Suds. O Lud! it is unknown what knowledge we got! We can read—Oh! we never stop to spell a word now—And then he told us such things about verbs, and nouns, and adverbs, that never entered our heads before, and emphasis, and accent; heav'n bless us, I did not think there had been such things in the world.

Foote. And have you speechify'd yet?

Suds. Soft; soft and fair; we must walk before we can run—I think I have laid a pretty foundation. The Mansion-house was not built in a day, Master Foote. But to go on with my tale, my dame one day looking over the papers, came running to me; now, Ephraim, says she, thy business is done; rare news, lad; here is a man at the other end of the town that will make thee a speecher at once, and out she pull'd your proposals. Ah, Alice, says I, thee be'st but a fool; why, I know that man, he is all upon his fun; he lecture! why, 'tis all but a bam—Well, 'tis but seeing, says she; so, wolens nolens,

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she would have me come hither: now if so be you be serious, I shall think my money wisely bestow'd; but if it be only your comical works, I can tell you, you shall see me no more.

Foote. Sir, I should be extremely sorry to lose you, if I knew but what would content you?

Suds. Why, I want to be made an orator on; and to speak speeches, as I tell you, at our meetings, about politics, and peace, and addresses, and the new bridge, and all them kind of things.

Foote. Why, with your happy talents I should think much might be done.

Suds. I am proud to hear you say so, indeed I am. I did speechify once at a vestry concerning new-lettering the church-buckets, and came off cutely enough; and to say the truth, that was the thing that provok'd me to go to Pewterer's Hall.

[*Sits down again.*

Foote. Well, Sir, I flatter myself, that in proportion to the difference of abilities in your two instructors, you will here make a tolerable progress. But now, Sir, with your favour, we will proceed to explain the nature of our design; and, I hope, in the process, you, gentlemen, will find entertainment, and you, Sir, information.

Mr. Foote then proceeds in his lecture.

My Plan, gentlemen, is to be consider'd as a superstructure on that admirable foundation laid by the modern professor of English, both our labours tending to the same general end, the perfectioning of our countrymen in a most essential article, the

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right use of their native language. The English Orators are to be divided into four distinct classes, the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the stage: with the first of these branches, the pulpit, I shan't interfere; and, indeed, so few people now of consequence and consideration frequent the churches, that the art is scarce worth cultivation. The bar—

Scam. Psha! there's enough of this dull prosing; come, give us a little of something that's funny; you talk'd about pupils. Could not we see them?

Foote. Rather too precipitate, Sir; but, however, in some measure to satisfy you, and demonstrate the success of our scheme; give me leave to introduce to you a most extraordinary instance, in the person of a young Highlander. It is not altogether a year since this astonishing subject spoke nothing but Erse. Encourag'd by the prodigies of my brother professor's skill, whose fame, like the Chevalier Taylor's, pierces the remotest regions, his relations were tempted to send this young genius to Edinburgh; where he went through a regular course of the professor's lectures, to finish his studies; he has been about six weeks under my care, and considering the time, I think you will be amaz'd at his progress. Donald?——

Enter DONALD.

Don. What's yer wull, Sir?

Foote. Will you give these ladies and gentlemen a proof of your skill?

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Don. Ah, ye wad ha' a specimen of my oratorical art?

Foote. If you please.

Don. In gude troth on ye sal; wol ye gi me a topic?

Foote. O, choose for yourself.

Don. It's aw one to Donald.

Foote. What think you of a short panegyrick on the science we are treating of?

Don. On oratory? Wi' aw my heart.

Foote. Mind your action; let that accompany your words——

Don. Dunna heed, man—The topic I presuin to haundle, is the miraculous gifts of an orator, wha, by the bare power of his words, leads men, women, and bairns as he lists——

Scam. And who?

Don (*tartly.*) Men, women, and bairns.

Scam. Bairns! who are they?

Foote. Oh, children—his meaning is obvious enough.

Don. Ay, ay; men, women, and bairns, whereever he lists. And first for the antiquity of the art—Ken ye, my lads, wha was the first orator?—Mayhap, ye think it was Tully the Latinist? ye are wide o' the mark: Or Demosthenes the Greek? in gude troth, ye're as far aff as before—Wha was it, then? It was e'en that arch chiel, the Deevil himsel—

Scam. (*hastily.*) The devil it was; how do you prove that?

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Don. Guds zounds, mon, ye brake the thrid of my harang; an ye'll but had your tongue, I'se prove it as plain as a pike-staff.

Tire. Be quiet, Will, and let him go on.

Don. I say it was that arch chiel, the Deevil himsel. Ye ken weel, my lads, how Adam and Eve were planted in Eden, wi plenty o' bannocks and kail, and aw that they wished, but were prohibited the eating of pepins——

Scam. Apples——

Don. Weel, weel, and are na pepins and apples aw the same thing?

Foote. Nay, pray, gentlemen, hear him out. Go on with your pepins.—

Don. Prohibited the eating of pepins; upon which what does me the orator Satan, but he whispers a saft speech in her lug; egad our grannum fell to in an instant, and eat a pepin without staying to pare it—(*Addresses himself to the Oxonians.*) Ken ye, lads, wha was the first orator, now?

Tire. (*to Scamper.*) What say you to that?

Scam. By my soul the fellow's right——

Don. Ay, but ye wan'na ha' patience—ye wan'na ha' patience, lads——

Tire. Hold your jaw, and go on——

Don. Now, we come to the definition of an orator: and it is from the Latin words, *oro*, *orare*, to intreat, or perswad; and how? by the means o' elocution or argument, which argument consists o' letters, which letters join'd mak syllables, which syllables compounded mak words, which words combin'd mak

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sentences or periods, or which aw together mak an orator; so the first gift of an orator is words——

Scam. Here Donald, you are out.

Don. How so?

Scam. Words the first gift of an orator! No, Donald, no, at school I learn'd better than that: Do'st not remember, Will, what is the first perfection of an orator? action; the second, action; the third, action.

Tire. Right, right, Harry, as right as my nail; there, Donald, I think he has given you a dose—

Don. An ye stay me i' the midst o' my argument—

Scam. Why don't you stick to truth?

Don. I tell ye, I can logically.

Tire. Damn your logic——

Don. Mighty weel—Maister Foote, how ca' ye this usage?

Foote. Oh, never mind them—proceed.

Don. In gude troth, I'se no say ane word mare.

Foote. Finish, finish, Donald.—

Don. Ah? they have jumbled aw my ideas together;—but an they will enter into a fair argumentation, I'se convince 'em that Donald Macgregor is mare than a match.—

Scam. You be——

Don. Very weel——

Foote. Nay, but, my dear Donald——

Don. Hand's aff, Maister Foote—I ha' finish'd my tale, the de'el a word mare sal ye get out o' Donald yer servant, Sir, [*Exit.*

Foote. You see, gentlemen, what your impatience has lost us.

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Scam. Rot him, let him go. But is this fellow one of your pupils? why, what a damnable twang he has got, with his men, women, and bairns—

Foote. His pronunciation is, I own, a little irregular; but then consider he is but merely a novice: why, even in his present condition, he makes no bad figure for his five minutes at the Pantheon and Lyceum; —and in a month or two we shan't be asham'd to start him in a more respectable place.

But now, gentlemen, we are to descend to the peculiar essential qualities of each distinct species of oratory; and first for the bar—but as no didactic rules can so well convey, or words make a proper impression, we will have recourse to more palpable means, and endeavour, by a lively imitation, to demonstrate the extent of our art. We must for this end employ the aid of our pupils;—but as some preparation ecessary, we hope you will indulge us in a short interruption.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall of Justce,*

Enter FOOTE.

THE first species of oratory we are to demonstrate our skill in is that of the bar; and in order to give our lecture an air of reality, you are to suppose this a court of Justice, furnished with proper ministers to discharge the necessary functions.—But to supply these gentlemen with business, we must likewise institute an imaginary cause; and, that the whole may be ideal, let it be the prosecution of an imaginary being; I mean the phantom of Cock-lane, a phenomenon that has much puzzled the brains and terrified the minds of many of our fellow-subjects.

You are to consider, ladies and gentlemen, that the language of the bar, is a species of oratary distinct from every other. It has been observed, that the ornaments of this procession have not shone with equal lustre in an assembly near their own hall; the reason assign'd, tho' a pleasant, it is not the true one. It has been hinted, that these gentlemen where in want of their briefs. But were that the disease the remedy would be easy enough; they need only have recourse to the artifice successfully practis'd by some of their colleagues; instead of having their

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briefs in their hands, to hide them at the bottom of their hats.

[*Calls to his pupils, who enter dressed as a justice, a clerk, a sergeant at law, and a counsellor.*]

You will remember, gentlemen, your proper pauses, repetitions, hums, ha's and interjections:—Now seat yourselves, and you the counsel remember to be mighty dull, and you the justices to fall asleep. I must prepare to appear in this cause as a witness.

[*Exit.*

Jus. Clerk read the indictment.

Clerk, (reads.) Middlessx, to wit.

Fanny Phantom, you are indicted, That on or before the first of day January 1762, you the said Fanny did in a certain house in a certain street called *Cock-lane*, in the county of Middlesex, maliciously, treacherously, wickedly, and wilfully, by certain thumpings, knockings, scratchings, and flutterings, against doors, walls, wainscots, bedsteads, and bedposts, disturb, annoy, assault, and terify divers innocent, innofensive, harmless, quiet, simple people, residing in, at, near, or about the said Cock-lane, and elsewere, in the said county of Middlesex, to the great prejudice of said people in said county. How say you? Guilty or—

Coun. (stops the Clerk short.) May it please your worship—hem—I am counsel in this cause for the ghost—hem—and before I can permit her to plead, I have an objection to make, that is—hem—I shall object to her pleading at all.—Hem—It is the standing law of this country—hem—and has—hem—al-

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ways been so allow'd, deem'd and practis'd, that—hem— all criminals should be try'd *per pares*, by their equals—hem— that is—hem—by a jury of equal rank with themselves. Now if this be th case, as the case it is, I—hem— I should be glad to know how my client can be try'd in this here manner. And first, who is my client! She is in the indictment called a *phantom*, a *gost*. What is a gost? a spirit. What is a spirit? a spirit is a thing that exists independently of, and is superior to, fleesh and blood. And can any man go for to think, that I can advise my client to submit to be try'd by people of an inferior rank to herself? certainly no—I therefore humbly move to quash this indictment, unless a jury of ghosts be first had and obbtain'd; unless a jury of gosts be first had and obtain'd. [*Sits down.*

Serj. I am in this cause counsel against Fanny Phantom the ghost—eh,—and notwithstandiug the rule laid down by Mr Prosequi be—eh—righ in the main, yet here it can't avail his client a whit. We allow—eh— we do allow, please your worship, that Fanny *quoad* Phantom—eh—had originally a right to a jury of ghosts; but—eh—if she did, by any act of her own, forfeit this right, her plea cannot be admitted. Now, we can prove your worship, prove by a cloud of witnesses, that said Fanny did, as specified in the indictment, scratch knock, and flutter,—eh—which said scratchings, knockings, nnd flutterings—eh—being operations, meerly peculiar to flesh, blood, and body—eh—we do humbly apprehend—eh—that by condescending to execute the aforsaid operations,

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she hass wav'd her privelge as a gost, and may be try'd in the ordinary form, according to the statute so made and provided in the reign of, &c. &c. &c.

Your worsip's opinion.

Tire. Smoke the justice he is as fast as a church.

Scam. I fancy he has touch'd the tankard too much this morning he'll know a good deal of what they have been saying.

Just. (*is waked by the Clerk, who tells him they have pleaded.*) Why the objection—oh—brought by Mr Prosequi, is (*whispers the Clerk*) doubtless provisionally a valid objection; but then, if the culprit has, by an act of her own, defeated her privelege, as asserted in Mr Serjeant's replication, we conceive she may be legally try'd—oh—Besides—oh—Besides, I, I, I can't well see how we could impannel a jury of ghosts; or—oh—how twelve spirits, who have no body at all, can be said to take a corporal oath as requir'd by law—unless, indeed, as in case of the peerage, the prisoner may be try'd on their honour.

Coun. Your worship's distinction is just; knockings, scratchings. &c. as asserted by Mr Serjeant.—

Serj. Asserted—Sir, do you doubt my instructions?

Coun. No interruptions, if you please Mr Serjeant; I say as asserted, but can assertions be admitted as proofs? certainly no—

Serj. Our evidence is ready—

Coun. To that we object, to that we object, as it will anticipate the merits—your worship—

Serj. Your worship—

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Jus. Why as you impeach the ghost's previlege, you must produce proofs of her scratchings.

Serj. Call Shadrach Bodkin.

Clerk. Shadrach Bodkin, come into court.

Enter BODKIN.

Serj. Pray, Mr Bodkin where do you live?

Bod. I sojurn in Lukener's-lane?

Serj. What is your profession?

Bod. I am a teacher of the word, and a taylor.

Scam. Zounds, Will, it is a Methodist.

Tire. No sure!

Scam. By the lord Harry, it is.

Clerk. Silence.

Serj. Do you know any thing of Fanny the Phantom?

Bod. Yea—I do.

Serj. Can you give any account of her thumpings, scratchings and flutterings?

Bod. Yea—manifold have been the scratchings and knockings that I have heard.

Serj. Name the times.

Bod. I have attended the spirit Fanny from the first day of her flutterings, even to the last scratch that she gave.

Serj. How long may that be?

Bod. Five weeks did she flutter, and six weeks did she scratch.

Scam. Six weeks—Damn it, I wonder she did not wear out her nails.

Clerk. Silence.

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Serj. I hope the court is convinced.

Coun. Hold, Master Bodkin, you and I must have a little discourse. A taylor, you say. Do you work at your business?

Bod. No—

Coun. Look upon me, look upon the court—Then your present trade is your teaching?

Bod. It is no trade.

Coun. What is it then a calling?

Bod. No, it is no calling—it is rather—as I may say—a forcing—a compelling—

Coun. By whom?

Bod. By the spirit that is within me—

Scam. It is an evil spirit, I believe; and needs must when the devil drives, you know, Will.

Tire. Right, Harry—

Coun. When did you feel these spiritual motions?

Bod. In the town of Norwich, where I was born.—One day as I was sitting cross-legged on my shop-board, new seating a cloth pair of breeches of Mr. Alderman Crape's—I felt the spirit within me, moving upwards and downwards, and this way and that way, and tumbling and jumbling—At first I thought it was the cholic—

Coun. And how are you certain it was not?

Bod. At last I heard a voice whispering within me, crying, Shadrach, Shadrach, Shadrach, cast away the things that belong to thee, thy thimble and sheers, and do the things that I bid thee.

Coun. And you did?

Bod. Yea, verily.

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Coun. I think I have heard a little of you, Master Bodkin: and so you quitted your business, your wife, and your children?

Bod. I did.

Coun. You did—But then you commun'd with other men's wives?

Bod. Yea, and with widows and with maidens.

Coun. How came that about Shadrach?

Bod. I was moved thereunto by the spirit.

Coun. I should rather think by the flesh— I have been told, friend Bodkin, that twelve became pregnant—

Bod. Thou art deceived—they were barely but nine.

Coun. Why, this was an active spirit.

Serj. But to the point, Mr. Prosequi.

Coun. Well, then—you say you have heard those scratchings and knockings?

Bod. Yea—

Coun. But why did you think they came from a spirit?—

Bod. Because the very same thumps, scratches, and knocks, I have felt on my breast-bone from the spirit within me—

Coun. And these noises you are sure you heard on the first day of January?

Bod. Certain—

Serj. But to what do all those interrogratories tend?

Coun. To a most material purpose. Your worship observes that Bodkin is positive as to the noises made on the first day of January by Fanny the Phantom:

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now if we can prove an alibi, that is, that, on that very day, at that very time, the said Fanny was scratching and fluttering any where else, we apprehend that we destroy the credit of this witness—Call Peter Paragraph.

Clerk. Peter Paragraph, come into court.

Coun. This gentleman is an eminent printer, and has collected, for the public information, every particular relative to this remarkable story; but as he has the misfortune to have but one leg, your worship will indulge him in the use of a chair.

Clerk. Peter Paragraph, come into court.

Enter PARAGRAPH.

Coun. Pray, Mr. Paragraph, where was you born?

Par. Sir, I am a native of Ireland, and born and bred in the city of Dublin.

Coun. When did you arive in the city of London?

Par. About the last autumnal equinox; and now I recollect, my journal makes mention of my departure for England, in the Besborough packet, Friday, October the tenth, N. S. or new style.

Coun. Oh, then the journal is yours?

Par. Please your worship, it is; and relating thereto I believe I can give you a pleasant conceit—Last week I went to visit a *peer*, for I know *peers*, and *peers know* me. Quoth his Lordship to me, Mr. Paragraph, with respect to your journal, I would wish that your paper was whiter, or your ink blacker. Quoth I to the peer, by way of *reply*, I hope you will own there is enough for the money; his

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lordship was pleased to laugh. It was such a pretty repartee, he, he, he, he—

Just. Pray, Mr. Paragraph, what might be your business in England?

Par. Hem— a little love-affair, please your worship.

Coun. A wife, I suppose—

Par. Something tending that way; even so long ago as January 1739-40 there past some amorous glances between us: she is the daughter of old Vamp of the Turnstile; but at that time I stifled my passion, Mrs. Paragraph being then in the land of the living.

Coun. She is now dead?

Par. Three years and three quarters, please your worship: we were exceeding happy together; she was indeed a little apt to be jealous.

Coun. No wonder—

Par. Yes: they cant help it, poor souls; but notwithstanding, at her death, I gave her a prodigious good character in my journal.

Coun. And how proceeds the present affair?

Par. Just now, we are quite at a stand—

Coun. How so?

Par. The old scoundrel, her father, has play'd me a slippery trick.

Coun. Indeed!

Par. As he could give no money in hand, I agreed to take her *fortune* in *copies*. I was to have The Wits *Vade Mecum* entire; four hundred of News from the Invisible World, in sheets; all that remained of Glanvil upon Witches; Hill's Bees, Bardana, Brew-

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ing, and Balsam of Honey, and three eights of Robinson Crusoe.

Coun. A pretty fortune!

Par. Yes; they are things that stir in the trade; but you must know that we agreed to go halves in Fanny the Phantom. But whilst I and two authors, whom I had hir'd to ask questions, at nine shillings a-night, were taking notes of the knockings at the house of Mr. Parsons himself, that old rascal Vamp had privately printed off a thousand eighteen-penny scratchings, purchased of two Methodist preachers, at the public house over the way—

Coun. Now we come to the point—look upon this evidence; was he present at Mr. Parsons's knockings?

Par. Never; this is one of the rascally Methodists—Harkee, fellow, how could you be such a scoundrel to sell for genuine your counterfeit scratchings to Vamp?

Bod. My scratchings were the true scratchings—

Par. Why, you lying son of a whore, did not I buy all my materials from the girl's father himself.

Bod. What the spirit commanded, that did I.

Par. What spirit?

Bod. The spirit within me—

Par. If I could but get at you, I would soon try what sort of a spirit it is—stop, you villain.

[*Exit Bodkin.*

The rouge has made his escape—but I will dog him to find out his haunts, and then return for a warrant

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—His scratchings! a scoundrel; I will have justice, or I'll turn his tabernacle into a pig-stye.

[*Exit Paragraph.*

Coun. I hope, please your worship, we have sufficiently established our *alibi*.

Jus. You are unquestionably entitled to a jury of ghosts.

Coun. Mr. Serjeant, you will provide us a list!

Ser. Let us see—you have no objection to Sir George Villars; the evil genius of Brutus; the ghost of Banquo; Mrs. Veal.

Coun. We object to a woman—your worship—

Jus. Why, it is not the practice; this, it must be own'd is an extraordinary case. But however, if, on conviction, the Phantom should plead pregnancy, Mrs. Veal will be admitted on the jury of matrons.

Serj. I thank your worship: then the court is adjourned.

[*Terrence and Dermot in an upper box.*

Ter. By my shoul, but I will spake.

Der. Arrah, be quiet, Terrence.

Ter. Dibble burn me, but I will: hut, hut, not spake! what should ail me? Harkee, you Mr. Justice—

Scam. Hollo, what's the matter now, Will?

Der. Leave off, honey Terence, now you are well—

Ter. Dermot, be easy—

Scam. Hear him—

Tire. Hear him.—

Ter. Ay, hear him, hear him; why the matter is this, Mr. Justice: that little hopping fellow there, that Dublin journal man, is as great a liar as ever was born—

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Tire. How so?

Ter. Ay, prithee dont bodder me; what d'ye learn no more manners at Oxford college, than to stop a jontleman in the midst of his speech before he begins? oh, for shame of yourself—Why the matter is this, Mr. Justice: 'That there, what the dibble d'ye call him, Pra-Praragraf; but, by my shoul, that is none of his name neither, I know the little bastard as well as myself; as to Fanny the Phantom, long life to the poor jontlewoman, he knows no more of her than the mother who bore her—

Suds. Indeed! good lord, you surprise me!

Ter. Arrah, now, honey Suds, spake when you are spoke to; you ar'n't upon the jury, my jewel, now; by my shoul, you are a little too fat for a ghost.

Tire. Prithee, friend Ephraim, let him go on: let's hear a little what he would be at—

Ter. I say, he knows nothing about the case that is litigated here, d'ye see, at all, at all; because why, I haunt ha been from Dublin above four weeks, or a month, and I saw him in his shop every day; so that how could he be here and there too? unless, indeed, he used to fly backwards and forwards, and that, you see, is impossible, becasue why he has got a wooden leg.

Scam. What the devil is the fellow about!

Tire. I smoke him—Harkee, Terence, who do you take that lame man to be?

Ter. Oh, my jewel, I know him well enough sure by his parson, for all he thought to conceal himself by changing his name—

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Scam. Why, it is Foote, you fool.

Ter. Arrah, who?

Tire. Foote.

Ter. Fot, what the lecture-man, Pa—

Tire. Yes.

Ter. Arrah, be easy, honey—

Scam. Nay, inquire of Suds.

Suds. Truely I am minded 'twas he.

Ter. Your humble servant yourself, Mr Suds; by my shoul, I'll wager you three thirteens to a rap, that it is no such matter at all, at all.

Scam. Done—and be judg'd by the company.

Ter. Done—I'll ask the orator himself—here he comes. (*Enter Foote.*) Harkee, honey Fot, was it yourself that was happing about here but now?

Foote. I have heard your debate, and must give judgment against you—

Ter. What, yourself, yourself!

Foote. It was—

Ter. Then, faith, I have lost my thirteens—Arrah, but Fot, my jewel, why are you after playing such pranks to bring an honest jontleman into company where he is nat—But what, is this selling of lectures a thriving profession?

Foote. I can't determine as yet; the public have been very indulgent; I have not long open'd.

Ter. By my shoul if it answers, will you be my pupil, and learn me the trade?

Foote. Willingly—

Ter. That's an honest fellow, long life to you, lad.

[*Sit down.*

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Foote. Having thus completed our lecture on the eloquence peculiar to the bar, we shall produce one great group of orators, in which will be exhibited specimens of every branch of the art. You will have at one view the choleric, the placid, the voluble, the frigid, the frothy, the turgid, the calm, and the clamorous; and as a proof of our exquisite skill, our subjects are not such as a regular education has prepared for the reception of this sublime science, but a set of illiterate mechanics, whom you are to suppose assembled at the Robin-Hood in the Butcher-row, in order to discuss and adjust the various systems of Europe, but particularly to determine the separate interest of their own mother country.

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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ACT III.

SCENE I—*The Robin-Hood.*

THE PRESIDENT.

DERMOT O'DROHEDA, *a Chairman*; TOM TWIST, *a Taylor*; STRAP, *a Shoemaker*; ANVIL, *a Smith*; SAM SLAUGHTER, *a Butcher*; CATCHPOLE, *a Bailiff*. *All with pewter pots before them.*

President.

SILENCE, gentlemen; are your pots replenished with porter?

All. Full, Mr. President.

Pres. We will then proceed to the business of the day; and let me beg, gentlemen, that you will, in your debates preserve that decency and decorum that is due to the importance of your deliberations and the dignity of this illustrious assembly—

[*Gets up, pulls off his hat, and reads the motion.*

Motion made last Monday to be debated to-day, That, for the future, instead of that vulgar potation called *porter*, the honourable members may be supplied with a proper quantity of Irish usquebaugh.

"Dermot O'Droheda † his mark."

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O'Dro. (*gets up.*) That's I myself.

Pres. Mr. O'Droheda.

O'Dro. Mr. President, the case is this. It is not becase I am any great lover of that same usquebaugh that I have set my mark to the motion; but because I did not think it was decent for a number of jontlemen that were, d'ye see, met to settle the affairs of the nation, to be guzzling a pot of porter. To be sure, the liquor is a pretty sort of liquor enough, when a man is hot with trotting between a couple of poles; but this is another guess matter, because why, the head is concerned; and if it was not for the malt and the haps, dibble burn me but I would as soon take a drink from the Thames as your porter. But as to usquebaugh; ah, long life to the liquor—it is an exhilirator of the bowels, and a stomatic to the head; I say, Mr. President, it invigorates, it stimulates, it—in short, it is the onliest liquor of life, and no man alive will die whilst he drinks it.

[*Sits down. Twist gets up, having a piece of paper containing the heads of what he says in his hat.*

Pres. Mr. Timothy Twist.

Twist. Mr. President, I second Mr. O'Droheda's motion; and, Sir, give me leave—I say, Mr. President (*looks in his hat*) give me leave to observe, that, Sir, tho' it is impossible to add any force to what has been advanced by my honourable friend in the straps; yet, Sir, (*looks into his hat again*) it may, Sir, I say, be necessary to obviate some ob-

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jections that may be made to the motion. And first, it may be thought—I say, Sir, some gentlemen may think, that this may prove pernicious to our manufacture—*(looks in his hat)* and the duty, doubtless, it is of every member of this illustrious assembly to have a particular eye unto that; but, Mr. President—Sir—*(looks in his hat, is confused, and sits down.)*

Pres. Mr. Twist, O pray finish, Mr. Twist.

Twist. *(gets up.)* I say, Mr. President, that, Sir, if Sir, it be considered that—as—I say—*(looks in his hat.)* I have nothing farther to say. [*Sits down, and Strap gets up.*

Pres. Mr. Strap.

Strap. Mr. President, it was not my intention to trouble the assembly upon this occasion; but when I hear insinuations thrown out by gentlemen, where the interest of this country is so deeply concern'd, I own I cannot sit silent; and give me leave to say, Sir, there never came before this assembly a point of more importance than this; it strikes, Sir, at the very root, Sir, of your constitution: for, Sir, what does this motion imply? it implies that porter, a wholesome, domestic manufacture, is to be prohibited at once. And for what, Sir? for a foreign pernicious commodity. I had, Sir, formerly the honour, in conjunction with my learned friend in the leather apron, to expel sherbet from amongst us, as I looked upon lemons as a fatal and foreign fruit;—and can it be thought, Sir, that I will sit silent to this? No, Sir, I will put my shoulders strongly

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against it; I will oppose it *manibus totibus*. For should this proposal prevail, it will not end here:—fatal, give me leave to say, will, I forsee, be the issue; and I shan't be surprised in a few days, to hear from the same quarter, a motion for the expulsion of gin, and a premium for the importation of whisky.

[*A hum of approbation, with significant nods and winks from the other members. He sits down, and Anvil and another member get up together; some cry Anvil, others Jacob.*

Pres. Mr. Anvil.

Anvil. Mr. President, Sir——

[*The members all blow their noses, and cough; Anvil talks all the while, but is not heard.*

Pres. Silence, gentlemen; pray, gentlemen. A worthy member is up.

Anvil. I say, Mr. President, that if we consider this case in its utmost extent——(*all the members cough, and blow their noses again.*) I say, Sir, I will. Nay, I insist on being heard. If any gentleman has any thing to say any where else, I'll hear him.

[*Members all laugh: Anvil sits down in a passion, and Slaughter gets up.*

Pres. Mr. Samuel Slaughter.

Sla. Sir, I declare it, at the bare hearing of this here motion, I am all over in a sweat. For my part, I can't think what gentlemen mean by talking in that there manner; not but I likes that every man should deliver his mind; I does mine; it has been ever my way; and when a member opposes me, I like him

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the better for it; its right; I am pleas'd; he can't please me more; it is as it should be; and tho' I differ from the honourable gentleman in the flannel night-cap over the way, yet I am pleased to hear him say what he thinks; for, Sir, as I said, it is always my rule to say what I think, right or wrong—(*a loud laugh.*) Ay, ay, gentlemen may laugh; with all my heart, I am used to it, I don't mind it a farthing: but, Sir, with regard to that there motion, I entirely agree with my worthy friend with the pewter pot at his mouth. Now, Sir, I would fain ask any gentleman this here question: Can any thing in nature be more natural for an Englishman than porter? I declare, Mr. President, I think it the most wholesomest liquor in the world. But if it must be a change, let us change it for rum, a wholesome palatable liquor, a liquor that—in short, Mr. President, I don't know such a liquor. Ay, gentlemen may stare: I say, and I say it upon my conscience, I don't know such a liquor. Besides, I think there is in this here affair a point of law, which I shall leave to the consideration of the learned; and for that there reason, I shall take up no more of your time. [*He sits down, Catchpole gets up.*

Pres. Mr. Catchpole.

Catch. I get up to the point of law. And though, Sir, I am bred to the business, I can't say I am prepared for this question. But though this usquebaugh, as a dram, may not (by name) be subject to a duty, yet it is my opinion, or rather belief, it will be consider'd, as in the case of horses, to come under the article of dry'd goods—But I move that another day this point be debated.

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Sla. I second the motion.

[*Catchpole gives a paper to the President, who reads it.*

Pres. Hear your motion.

" That it be debated next Thursday, Whether the " dram usquebaugh is subject to a particular duty; " or, as the case of horses, to be considered under " the article of dry'd goods,"

All. Agreed, agreed.

Foote. And now, ladies and gentlemen, having produced to you glaring proofs of our great ability in every species of oratory; having manifested in the persons of our pupils, our infinite address in conveying our knowledge to others, we shall close our morning's lecture, instituted for the public good, with a proposal for the particular improvement of individuals. We are ready to give private instructions to any reverend gentleman in his probationary sermon for a lectureship; to young barristers who have causes to open, or motions to make; to all candidates for the sock or buskin; or to the new members of any of those oratorical societies with which this metropolis is at present so plentifully stock'd.

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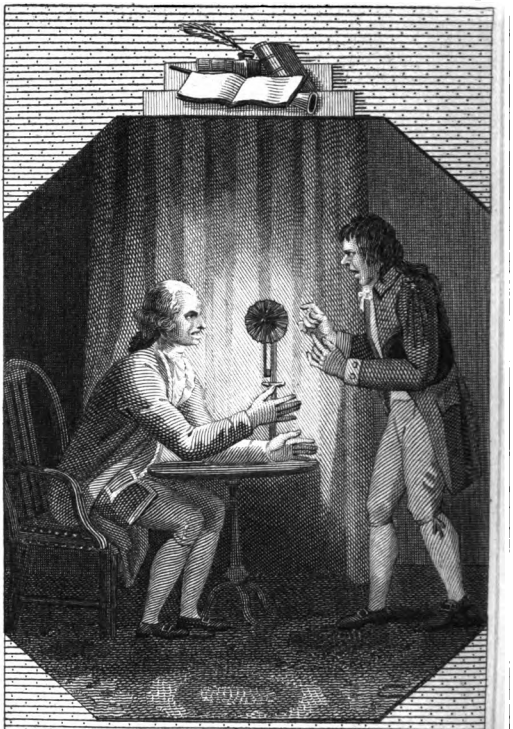

THE PATRON.
Act. 3.

Printed for J. Parsons at Paternoster Row. June 1, 1794

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THE PATRON.

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL HAY-MARKET.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, No 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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THE PATRON.

THIS Comedy was performed, for the first time, at the Little Theatre, Hay-Market, in the season of 1764.

To Marmontel the author is indebted for his hint. The hero of the scene is held up as a child of fortune and fashion, enveloped in self-conceit, and a dupe to those whose interest it is to flatter him into a belief, that he is in the possession of every virtue, and every talent that can adorn and dignify elevated life.

This dramatic shaft was said to be levelled at a noble lord, whose name we forbear to mention. In his patron, Mr. Foote indulges his vein for irony at the expence of the antiquarians. To expose this race appears to be his favourite task, and it must be allowed to be well executed in the present production; for a character more ludicrous than that of Rust was never exhibited on the English stage.

His West India merchant, Sir Peter Pepperpot, is a too faithful picture of bloated prosperity, where cruelty and oppression have attained wealth and situation, destitute of mind or sense to bestow lustre on the one, or weight on the other.

The poet and the bookseller come in for their share of applause; keep up the ball of humour, point, and character: and although The Patron *has not been performed for many years, for its author's sake, we trust it will be welcomed by our friends.*

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Dramatis Personae.

HAY-MARKET.

		Men.
Sir Thomas Lofty, Sir Peter Pepperpot,	}	Mr. Foote
Dick Bever,	-	Mr. Death
Frank Younger,	-	Mr. Davis
Sir Roger Dowlas,	-	Mr. Palmer
Mr. Rust,	-	Mr. Weston
Mr. Dactyl,	-	Mr. Granger
Mr. Puff,	-	Mr. Hayes
Mr. Staytape,	-	Mr. Brown
Robin,	-	Mr. Parsons
John,	-	Mr. Lewis.
Two Blacks,	-	
		Woman.
Miss Juliet,	-	Mrs. Granger.

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THE PATRON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter BEVER *and* YOUNGER.

Younger.

NO, Dick, you must pardon me.

Bev. Nay, but to satisfy your curiosity.

Young. I tell you, I have not a jot.

Bev. Why then to gratify me.

Youn. At rather too great an expence.

Bev. To a fellow of your observation and turn, I should think, now such a scene a most delicate treat.

Youn. Delicate! Palling, nauseous, to a dreadful degree. To a lover, indeed, the charms of the niece may palliate the uncle's fulsome formality.

Bev. The uncle! ay; but then you know he is only one of the group.

Youn. That's true; but the figures are all finish'd alike. A *maniere*, a tiresome sameness, throughout.

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Bev. There you will excuse me; I am sure there is no want of variety.

Youn. No! then let us have a detail. Come, Dick, give us a bill of the play.

Bev. First, you know, there's Juliet's uncle.

Youn. What, Sir Thomas Lofty! the modern Midas, or rather (as fifty dedications will tell you,) the Pollio, the Atticus, the patron of genius, the protector of arts, the paragon of poets, decider of merit, chief justice of taste, and sworn appraiser to Apollo and the tuneful Nine. Ha, ha! Oh, the tedious, insipid, insufferable coxcomb!

Bev. Nay, now, Frank, you are too extravagant. He is universally allow'd to have taste; sharp-judging Ariel, the muse's friend, himself a muse.

Youn. Taste! by whom? underling bards that he feeds, and broken booksellers that he bribes. Look ye, Dick; what raptures you please when Miss Lofty is your theme, but expect no quarter for the rest of the family. I tell thee once for all, Lofty is a rank impostor, the Bufo of an illiberal mercenary tribe: he has neither genius to create, judgment to distinguish, nor generosity to reward; his wealth has gain'd him flattery from the indigent, and the haughty insolence of his pretence, admiration from the ignorant. *Voila le portrait de votre oncle!* Now on to the next.

Bev. The ingenius and crudite Mr. Rust.

Youn. What, old Martin the medal-monger?

Bev. The same, and my rival in Juliet.

Youn. Rival! what, Rust? why, she's too modern for him by a couple of centuries. Martin! why he

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likes no heads but upon coins. Marry'd! the mummy! Why 'tis not above a fortnight ago, that I saw him making love to the figure without a nose in Somerset-gardens: I caught him stroaking the marble plaits of her gown, and asked him if he was not ashamed to take such liberties with ladies in public?

Bev. What an inconstant old scoundrel it is!

Youn. Oh, a Dorimont. But how came this about? what could occasion the change? was it in the power of flesh and blood to seduce this adorer of virtù from his marble and porphyry?

Bev. Juliet has done it; and, what will surprise you, his taste was a bawd to the business.

Youn. Prythee explain.

Bev. Juliet met him last week at her uncle's: he was a little pleased with the Greek of her profile; but, on a closer inquiry, he found the turn-up of her nose to exactly resemble the bust of the princess Pompæa.

Youn. The chaste moiety of the amiable Nero?

Bev. The same.

Youn. Oh, the deuse! then your business was done in an instant.

Bev. Immediately. In favour of the tip, he offered *chart blanche* for the rest of the figure; which (as you may suppose) was instantly caught at.

Youn. Doubtless. But who have we here.

Bev. This is one of Lofty's companions, a West Indian of an overgrown fortune. He saves me the trouble of a portrait. This is Sir Peter Pepperpot.

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Enter Sir PETER PEPPERPOT, *and two* BLACKS.

Sir Pet. Careless scoundrels! harkee, rascals! I'll banish you home, you dogs! you shall back, and broil in the sun. Mr. Bever, your humble: Sir, I am your entirely devoted.

Bev. You seem mov'd; what has been the matter, Sir Peter?

Sir Pet. Matter! why, I am invited to dinner on a barbicu, and the villains have forgot my bottle of chian.

Youn. Unpardonable.

Sir Pet. Ay, this country has spoil'd them; this same Christening will ruin the colonies.—Well, dear Bever, rare news, boy; our fleet is arriv'd from the West.

Bev. It is?

Sir Pet. Ay, lad, and a glorious cargo of turtle. It was lucky I went to Brighthelmstone; I nick'd the time to a hair; thin as a lath, and a stomach as sharp as a shark's: never was in finer condition for feeding.

Bev. Have you a large importation, Sir Peter?

Sir Pet. Nine; but seven in excellent order: the Captain assures me they greatly gain'd ground on the voyage

Bev. How do you dispose of them?

Sir Pet. Four to Cornhill, three to Almack's, and the two sickly ones I shall send to my borough in Yorkshire.

Youn. Ay! what, have the Provincials a relish for turtle?

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Sir Pet. Sir, it is amazing how this country improves in turtle and turnpikes; to which (give me leave to say) we, from our part of the world, have not a little contributed. Why formerly, Sir, a brace of bucks on the Mayor's annual day was thought a pretty moderate blessing. But we, Sir, have polish'd their palates: Why, Sir, not the meanest member in my corporation but can distinguish the pash from the pee.

Youn. Indeed!

Sir Pet. Ay, and sever the green from the shell with the skill of the ablest anatomist.

Youn. And are they fond of it?

Sir Pet. Oh, that the consumption will tell you. The stated allowance is six pounds to an alderman, and five to each of their wives.

Bev. A plentiful provision.

Sir Pet. But there was never known any waste. The mayor, recorder, and rector, are permitted to eat as much as they please.

Youn. The entertainment is pretty expensive.

Sir Pet. Land-carriage, and all. But I contriv'd to smuggle the last that I sent them.

Bev. Smuggle! I don't understand you.

Sir Pet. Why, Sir, the rascally coachman had always charged me five pounds for the carriage. Damn'd dear! Now my cook going at the same time into the country, I made him clap a capuchin upon the turtle, and for thirty shillings put him an inside passenger in the Doncaster fly.

Youn. A happy expedient.

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Bev. Oh, Sir Peter has infinite humour.

Sir Pet. Yes; but the frolic had like to have prov'd fatal.

Youn. How so?

Sir Pet. The maid at the Rummer, at Hatfield, popp'd her head into the coach, to know if the company would have any breakfast: ecod, the turtle, Sir, laid hold of her nose, and slapp'd her face with his fins, till the poor devil fell into a fit. Ha, ha, ha!

Youn. Oh, an absolute Rabelais.

Bev. What, I reckon, Sir Peter, you are going to the 'squire?

Sir Pet. Yes; I extremely admire Sir Thomas: you know this is his day of assembly; I suppose you will be there? I can tell you, you are a wonderful favourite.

Bev. Am I?

Sir Pet. He says your natural genius is fine; and, when polish'd by his cultivation, will surprise and astonish the world.

Bev. I hope, Sir, I shall have your voice with the public.

Sir Pet. Mine! O fie, Mr. Bever.

Bev. Come, come, you are no inconsiderable patron.

Sir Pet. He, he, he! Can't say but I love to encourage the arts.

Bev. And have contributed largely yourself.

Youn. What, is Sir Peter an author?

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Sir Pet. O fie! what, me? a mere dabbler; have blotted my fingers, 'tis true. Some sonnets, that have not been thought wanting in salt.

Bev. And your epigrams.

Sir Pet. Not entirely without point.

Bev. But come, Sir Peter, the love of the arts is not the sole cause of your visits to the house you are going to.

Sir Pet. I don't understand you.

Bev. Miss Juliet the niece.

Sir Pet. O fie! what chance have I there? Indeed if Lady Pepperpot should happen to pop off—

Bev. I don't know that. You are, Sir Peter, a dangerous man; and were I a father or uncle, I should not be a little shy of your visits.

Sir Pet. Psha! dear Bever, you banter.

Bev. And (unless I am extremely out in my guess,) that lady——

Sir Pet. Hey! what, what, dear Bever?

Bev. But if you should betray me——

Sir Pet. May I never eat a bit of green fat if I do.

Bev. Hints have been dropp'd.

Sir Pet. The devil! Come a little this way.

Bev. Well-made: not robust and gigantic, 'tis true; but extremely genteel.

Sir Pet. Indeed!

Bev. Features, not entirely regular; but marking, with an air now, superior; greatly above the—you understand me?

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Sir Pet. Perfectly. Something noble; expressive of—fashion.

Bev. Right.

Sir Pet. Yes, I have been frequently told so.

Bev. Not an absolute wit; but something infinitely better: an *enjouement*, a spirit, a——

Sir Pet. Gaiety. I was ever so from a child.

Bev. In short, your dress, address, with a thousand other particulars that at present I can't recollect.

Sir Pet. Why, dear Bever, to tell thee the truth, I have always admir'd Miss Juliet, and a delicate creature she is: sweet as a sugarcane, straight as a bamboo, and her teeth as white as a negro's.

Bev. Poetic, but true. Now only conceive, Sir Peter, such a plantation of perfections to be devoured by that caterpillar, Rust.

Sir Pet. A liquorish grub! Are pine-apples for such muckworms as he? I'll send him a jar of citrons and ginger, and poison the pipkin.

Bev. No, no.

Sir Pet. Or invite him to dinner, and mix rat's-bane along with his curry.

Bev. Not so precipitate: I think we may defeat him without any danger.

Sir Pet. How, how?

Bev. I have a thought—but we must settle the plan with the lady. Could not you give her the hint that I should be glad to see her a moment.

Sir Pet. I'll do it directly.

Bev. But don't let Sir Thomas perceive you.

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Sir Pet. Never fear. You'll follow?

Bev. The instant I have settled matters with her; but fix the old fellow so that she may not be miss'd.

Sir Pet. I'll nail him, I warrant; I have his opinion to beg on this manuscript.

Bev. Your own?

Sir Pet. No.

Bev. Oh oh! what something new from the Doctor, your chaplain?

Sir Pet. He! no, no. O Lord, he's elop'd.

Bev. How!

Sir Pet. Gone. You know he was to dedicate his volume of fables to me: so I gave him thirty pounds to get my arms engrav'd, to prefix (by way of print) to the frontispiece; and, O grief of griefs! the Doctor has mov'd off with the money. I'll send you Miss Juliet. [*Exit.*

Bev. There, now, is a special protector! the arts, I think, can't but flourish under such a Mæcenas.

Youn. Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool.

Bev. True; but then, to justify the dispensation,
From hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;
Fortunes to booksellers, to authors bread.

Youn. The distribution is, I own, a little unequal: And here comes a melancholy instance; poor Dick Dactyl, and his publisher, Puff.

Enter DACTYL *and* PUFF.

Puff. Why, then, Mr. Dactyl, carry them to somebody else; there are people enough in the,

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trade. But I wonder you would meddle with poetry; you know it rarely pays for the paper.

Dac. And how can one help it, Mr. Puff? genius impels; and when a man is once listed in the service of the muses——

Puff. Why, let him give them warning as soon as he can. A pretty sort of service indeed, where there are neither wages nor vails! The muses! And what, I suppose this is the livery they give? Gadzooks, I had rather be a waiter at Ranelagh.

Bev. The poet and publisher are at variance! What is the matter, Mr Dactyl?

Dac. As Gad shall judge me, Mr Bever, as pretty a poem, and so polite; not a mortal can take any offence; all full of panegyric and praise.

Puff. A fine character he gives of his works. No offence! the greatest in the world, Mr Dactyl. Panegyric and praise! and what will that do with the public? why who the devil will give money to be told, that Mr. Such-a one is a wiser or better man than himself? No, no; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good sousing satire now, well powdered with personal pepper, and seasoned with the spirit of party; that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below our own level; there, there, we are pleased; there we chuckle and grin, and toss the half-crowns on the counter.

Dac. Yes, and so get cropp'd for a libel.

Puff. Cropp'd! ay; and the luckiest thing that can happen to you. Why, I would not give twopence for an author that is afraid of his ears. Writing, writing, is (as I may say), Mr Dactyl, a sort of

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warfare, where none can be victor that is the least afraid of a scar. Why, zooks, Sir, I never got salt to my porridge till I mounted at the royal exchange.

Bev. Indeed!

Puff. No, no; that was the making of me. Then my name made a noise in the world. Talk of forked hills, and of Helicon! romantic and fabulous stuff. The true Castilian stream is a shower of eggs, and a pillory the poet's Parnassus.

Dac. Ay, to you, indeed, it may answer; but what do we get for our pains?

Puff. Why what the deuse would you get? food, fire, and fame. Why, you would not grow fat! a corpulent poet is a monster, a prodigy! No, no; spare diet is a spur to the fancy; high feeding would but founder your Pegasus.

Dac. Why, you impudent, illiterate rascal! who is it you dare treat in this manner?

Puff. Heyday! what is the matter now?

Dac. And is this the return for all the obligations you owe me? But no matter; the world, the world, shall know what you are, and how you have us'd me.

Puff. Do your worst; I despise you.

Dac. They shall be told from what a dunghill you sprang. Gentlemen, if there be faith in a sinner, that fellow owes every shilling to me.

Puff. To thee!

Dac. Ay, sirrah, to me. In what kind of way did I find you? then where and what was your state? Gentlemen, his shop was a shed in Moorfields; his kitchen, a broken pipkin of charcoal; and his bedchamber under the counter.

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Puff. I never was fond of expence; I ever minded my trade.

Dac. Your trade! and pray with what stock did you trade; I can give you the catalogue; I believe it wont overburden my memory. Two odd volumes of Swift; the life of Moll Flanders, with cuts; the Five Senses, printed and coloured by Overton; a few classics, thumb'd and blotted by the boys of the Charter-house; with the trial of Dr. Sacheverel.

Puff. Malice.

Dac. Then, sirrah, I gave you my Canning; it was she first set you afloat.

Puff. A grub.

Dac. And it is not only my writings: you know, sirrah, what you owe to my physic.

Bev. How! a physician?

Dac. Yes, Mr. Bever; physic and poetry. Apollo is the patron of both: *Opiferque per orbem dicor.*

Puff. His physic.

Dac. My physic! ay, my physic. Why, dare you deny it, you rascal! What, have you forgot my powders for flatulent crudities?

Puff. No.

Dac. My cosmetic lozenge and sugar-plumbs?

Puff. No.

Dac. My coral for cutting of teeth, my potions, my lotions, my pregnancy-drops, with my paste for superfluous hairs?

Puff. No, no; have you done?

Dac. No, no, no; but I believe this will suffice for the present.

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Puff. Now, would not any mortal believe that I ow'd my all to this fellow?

Bev. Why, indeed, Mr. Puff, the balance does seem in his favour.

Puff. In his favour! why you don't give any credit to him? a reptile, a bug, that owes his very being to me.

Dac. I, I, I!

Puff. You, you! What, I suppose you forget your garret in Wine-office-court, when you furnish'd paragraphs for the Farthing-post at twelvepence a dozen.

Dac. Fiction.

Puff. Then did not I get you made collector of casualties to the Whitehall and St. James's? but that post your laziness lost you. Gentlemen, he never brought them a robbery till the highwayman was going to be hang'd; a birth, till the christening was over; nor a death, till the hatchment was up.

Dac. Mighty well!

Puff. And now, because the fellow has got a little in flesh, by being puff to the play-house this winter, (to which, by-the-bye, I got him appointed) he is as proud and as vain as Voltaire. But I shall soon have him under, the vacation will come.

Dac. Let it.

Puff. Then I shall have him sneaking and cringing, hanging about me, and begging a bit of translation.

Dac. I beg, I, for translation!

Puff. No, no, not a line; not if you would do it

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for two-pence a sheet. No boil'd beef and carrot at mornings; no more cold pudding and porter. You may take your leave of my shop.

Dac. Your shop! then at parting I will leave you a legacy.

Bev. O fie, Mr. Dactyl!

Puff. Let him alone.

Dac. Pray, gentlemen, let me do myself justice.

Bev. Younger, restrain the Publisher's fire.

Youn. Fie, gentlemen, such an illiberal combat: it is a scandal to the republic of letters.

Bev. Mr. Dactyl, an old man, a mechanic, beneath—

Dac. Sir, I am calm; that thought has restor'd me. To your insignificancy you are indebted for safety. But what my generosity has saved, my pen hall destroy.

Puff. Then you must get somebody to mend it.

Dac. Adieu!

Puff. Farewell! [*Exeunt severally.*

Bev. Ha, ha, ha! come, let us along to the squire.

Blockheads, with reason, wicked wits abhor;
But dunce with dunce is barb'rous civil war.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter BEVER *and* YOUNGER.

Younger.

POOR Dactyll and dwels such mighty rage in little men? I hope there is little danger of bloodshed.

Bev. Oh, not in the least: the *gens vatum*, the nation of poets, though an irritable, are yet a placable people. Their mutual interests will soon bring them together again.

Youn. But shall not we be late? The critical senate is by this time assembled.

Bev. I warrant you, frequent and full; where
Stately Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill,
Sits like Apollo on his forked hill.
But you know I must wait for Miss Lofty; I am now totally directed by her; she gives me the key to all Sir Thomas's foibles, and prescribes the most proper method to feed them; but what good purpose that will produce——

Youn. Is she clever, adroit?

Bev. Doubtless. I like your asking the question of me.

Youn. Then pay an implicit obedience: the ladies, in these cases, generally know what they are about. The door opens.

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Bev. It is Juliet, and with her old Rust. (*Enter Frank.*) you know the knight, so no introduction is wanted. (*Exit Younger.*) I should be glad to hear this reverend piece of lumber make love; the courtship must certainly be curious. Good manners, stand by; by your leave, I will listen a little.

[*Bever retires.*

Enter JULIET *and* RUST.

Jul. And your collection is large?

Rust. Most curious and capital. When, Madam, will you give me leave to add your charms to the catalogue?

Jul. O dear! Mr. Rust, I shall but disgrace it. Besides, Sir, when I marry, I am resolv'd to have my husband all to myself: now for the possession of your heart I shall have too many competitors.

Rust. How, Madam? were Prometheus alive, and would animate the Helen that stands in my hall, she should not cost me a sigh.

Jul. Ay, Sir, there lies my greatest misfortune. Had I only those who are alive to contend with my assiduity, affection, cares, and caresses, I might secure my conquest; tho' that would be difficult: for I am convinc'd, were you, Mr. Rust, put up by Prestage to auction, the Apollo Belvidere would not draw a greater number of bidders.

Rust Would that were the case: Madam, so I might be thought a proper companion to the Venus de Medicis.

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Jul. The flower of rhetoric, and pink of politeness. But my fears are not confined to the living; for every nation and age, even painters and statuaries, conspire against me. Nay, when the pantheon itself, the very goddesses, rise up as my rivals, what chance has a mortal like me?——I shall certainly laugh in his face. [*Aside.*

Rust. She is a delicate subject.—Goddesses, Madam! Zooks, had you been on mount Ida when Paris decided the contest, the Cyprian queen had pleaded for the pippin in vain.

Jul. Extravagant gallantry!

Rust. In you, Madam, are concenter'd all the beauties of the heathen mythology: the open front of Diana, the lustre of Palla's eyes——

Jul. Oh, Sir!

Rust. The chromatic music of Clio, the blooming graces of Hebe, the imperial port of queen Juno, with the delicate dimples of Venus.

Jul. I see, Sir, antiquity has not engross'd all your attention: You are no novice in the nature of woman. Incense, I own is grateful to most of my sex; but there are times when adoration may be dispens'd with.

Rust. Ma'am!

Jul. I say, Sir, when we women willingly wave our rank in the skies, and wish to be treated as mortals.

Rust. Doubtless, Madam; and are you wanting in materials for that? No, Madam; as in dignity you surpass the heathen divinities, so in the charms of

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attraction you beggar the queens of the earth. The whole world, at different periods, has contributed to several beauties to form you.

Jul. The deuse it has! [*Aside.*

Rust. See there the ripe Asiatic perfection, join'd to the delicate softness of Europe. In you, Madam, I burn to possess Cleopatra's alluring glances, the Greek profile of queen Clytemnestra, the Roman nose of the empress Popæa.

Jul. With the majestic march of queen Bess. Mercy on me, what a wonderful creature am I!

Rust. In short, Madam, not a feature you have, but recalls to my mind some trait in a medal or bust.

Jul. Indeed! why, by your account, I must be an absolute olio, a perfect salamogundy of charms.

Rust. Oh, Madam, how can you demean, as I may say, undervalue——

Jul. Value! there is the thing; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Rust, in that word value lies my greatest objection.

Rust. I don't understand you.

Jul Why, then I'll explain myself. It has been said, and I believe with some shadow of truth, that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre; now I am afraid, when you and I grow a little more intimate, which I suppose must be the case if you proceed on your plan, you will be horribly disappointed in your high expectations, and soon discover this Juno, this Cleopatra, and princess Popæa, to be as arrant a mortal, as Madam your mother.

Rust. Madam, I, I, I—

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Jul. Your patience a moment. Being therefore desirous to preserve your devotion, I beg, for the future, you would please to adore at a distance.

Rust. To Endymion, Madam, Luna once listened.

Jul. Ay, but he was another kind of a mortal; you may do very well as a votary, but for a husband —mercy upon me!

Rust. Madam, you are not in earnest, not serious?

Jul. Not serious! Why, have you the impudence to think of marrying a goddess?

Rust. I should hope—

Jul. And what should you hope? I find your devotion resembles that of the world: when the power of sinning is over, and the sprightly first-runnings of life are rack'd off, you offer the vapid dregs to your deity. No, no; you may if you please, turn monk in my service. One vow, I believe, you will observe better than most of them, chastity.

Rust. permit me——

Jul. Or if you must marry, take your Julia, your Portia, or Flora, your fum-fam from China, or your Egyptian Osiris. You have long paid your addresses to them.

Rust Marry! what, marble?

Jul. The properest wives in the world; you can't choose amiss; they will supply you with all that you want.

Rust. Your uncle has, Madam, consented.

Jul. That is more than ever his niece will. Consented! and to what? to be swath'd to a mould'ring mummy; or be lock'd up like your medals, to can-

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ker and rust in a cabinet! No, no; I was made for the world, and the world shall not be robb'd of its right.

Bev. Bravo, Juliet! gad, she's a fine spirited girl.

Jul. My *profile*, indeed! No, Sir; when I marry, I must have a man that will meet me full face.

Rust. Might I be heard for a moment?

Jul. To what end? You'say you have Sir Thomas Lofty's consent; I tell you, you can never have mine. You may screen me from, or expose me to, my uncle's resentment; the choice is your own: if you lay the fault at my door, you will doubtless greatly distress me; but take the blame on yourself, and I shall own myself extremely oblig'd to you.

Rust. How! confess myself in the fault?

Jul. Ay; for the best thing a man can do, when he finds he can't be belov'd, is to take care he is not heartily hated. There is no other alternative.

Rust. Madam, I sha'n't break my word with Sir Thomas.

Jul. Nor I with myself. So there's an end of our conference. Sir, your very obedient.

Rust. Madam, I, I, don't—that is, let me—But no matter. Your servant. [*Exit.*

Jul. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter BEVER *from behind.*

Bev. Ha, ha, ha! Incomparable Juliet! how the old dotard trembled and totter'd! he could not have been more inflam'd had he been robb'd of his Otho.

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Jul. Ay; was ever goddess so familiarly us'd? In my conscience, I began to be afraid that he would treat me as the Indians do their dirty divinities; whenever they are deaf to their prayers, they beat and abuse them.

Bev. But after all, we are in an aukward situation.

Jul. How so?

Bev. I have my fears.

Jul. So have not I.

Bev. Your uncle has resolv'd that you shall be marry'd to Rust.

Jul. Ay, he may decree; but it is I that must execute.

Bev. But suppose he has given his word?

Jul. Why, then let him recal it again.

Bev. But are you sure you shall have courage enough—

Jul. To say *no?* That requires much resolution indeed.

Bev. Then I am at the hight of my hopes.

Jul. Your hopes! Your hopes and your fears are ill-founded alike.

Bev. Why, you are determined not to be his.

Jul. Well, and what then?

Bev. What then! why, then you will be mine.

Jul. Indeed! and is that the natural consequence; whoever won't be his must be yours? Is that the logic of Oxford?

Bev. Madam I did flatter myself——

Jul. Then you did very wrong, indeed, Mr. Bever; you should ever guard against flattering

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yourself; for of all dangerous parasites, Self is the worst.

Bev. I am astonish'd!

Jul. Astonish'd! you are mad, I believe! Why, I have not known you above a month. It is true, my uncle says your father is his friend; your fortune, in time, will be easy; your figure is not remarkably faulty; and as to your understanding, passable enough for a young fellow who has not seen much of the world: but when one talks of a husband—— Lord, 'tis quite another sort of a—Ha, ha, ha! Poor Bever, how he stares! he stands like a statue!

Bev. Statue! Indeed, Madam, I am very near petrified.

Jul. Even then, you will make as good a husband as Rust. But go, run, and join the assembly within: be attentive to every word, motion, and look of my uncle's; be dumb when he speaks, admire all he says, laugh when he smirks, bow when he sneezes; In short fawn, flatter, and cringe; don't be afraid of overloading his stomach; for the knight has a noble digestion, and you will find some there who will keep you in countenance.

Bev. I fly. So then, Juliet, your intention was only to try——

Jul. Don't plague me with impertinent questions; march; obey my directions. We must leave the issue to chance; a greater friend to mankind than they are willing to own. Oh, if any thing new should occur, you may come into the drawing-room for further instructions. [*Exeunt severally.*

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SCENE, *a room in Sir Thomas Lofty's House.*

Sir THOMAS, RUST, PUFF, DACTYL, *and others, discovered sitting.*

Sir Tho. Nothing new to-day from Parnassus?

Dac. Not that I hear.

Sir Tho. Nothing critical, philosophical, or political?

Puff. Nothing.

Sir Tho. Then in this disette; this dearth of invention, give me leave, gentlemen, to distribute my stores. I have here in my hand a little smart, satyrical epigram; new, and prettily pointed: in short, a production that Martial himself would not have blush'd to acknowledge.

Rust. Your own, Sir Thomas?

Sir Tho. O fie! no sent me this morning, anonymous.

Dac. Pray, Sir Thomas, let us have it.

All. By all means; by all means.

Sir Tho. To PHILLIS.

Think'st thou, fond Phillis, Strephon told thee true,
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
Another story all the town will tell;
Phillis paints fair to look like an an-gel.

All. Fine! fine! very fine!

Dac. Such an ease and simplicity!

Puff. The turn so unexpected and quick!

Rust. The satire so poignant!

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Sir Tho. Yes; I think it possesses in an eminent degree, the three epigramatical requisites; brevity, familiarity, and severity.

Phillis paints fair to look like an an-gel.

Dac. Happy! Is the Phillis the subject, a secret?

Sir Tho. Oh, dear me! nothing personal; no: an impromptu; a mere *jeu d'esprit.*

Puff. Then, Sir Thomas, the secret is out; it is your own.

Dac. That was obvious enough.

Puff. Who is there else could have wrote it?

Rust. True, true.

Sir Tho. The name of the author is needless. So it is an acquisition to the republic of letters, any gentleman may claim the merit that will.

Puff. What a noble contempt!

Dac. What greatness of mind!

Rust. Scipio and Lælius were the Roman Lofty's. Why, I dare believe Sir Thomas has been the making of half the authors in town: he is, as I may say, the great manufacturer; the other poets are but pedlars, that live by retailing his wares.

All. Ha, ha, ha! well observ'd, Mr. Rust.

'*Sir Tho.* Ha, ha, ha! *Molle atque facetum.* Why, 'to pursue the metaphor, if Sir Thomas Lofty was 'to call in his poetical debts, I belive there would 'be a good many bankrupts in the Muses's Gazette.

'*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

'*Sir Tho.* But, a propos, gentlemen; with regard 'to the eclipse: you found my calculation exact?

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'*Dac.* To a digit.

'*Sir Tho.* Total darkness, indeed! and birds go-
'ing to roost! Those philomaths, those almanack-
'makers are the most ignorant rascals—

'*Puff.* It is amazing where Sir Thomas Lofty
'stores all his knowledge.

'*Dac.* It is wonderful how the mind of man can
'contain it.

'*Sir Tho.* Why to tell you the truth, that circum-
'stance has a good deal engag'd my attention; and
'I believe you will admit my method of solving the
'phenomenon philosophical and ingenious enough.

'*Puff,* Without question.

'*All.* Doubtless.

'*Sir Tho.* I suppose, gentlemen, my memory, or
'mind, to be a chest of drawers, a kind of bureau;
'where, in separate cellules, my different knowledge
'on different subjects is stor'd.

'*Rust.* A prodigious discovery!

'*All.* Amazing!

'*Sir Tho.* To this cabinet, volition, or will, has a
'key; so when an arduous subject occurs, I unlock
'my bureau, pull out the particular drawer, and am
'supplied with what I want in an instant.

'*Dac.* A Malbranch!

'*Puff.* A Boyle!

'*All.* A Locke!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Bever. [*Exit.*

Sir Tho. A young gentleman from Oxford, recommended to my care by his father. The university

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has given him a good solid Doric foundation; and when he has receiv'd from you a few Tuscan touches, the Ionic and Corinthian graces, I make no doubt but he will prove a Composite pillar to the republic of letters. (*Enter Bever*) This, Sir, is the school from whence so many capital masters have issued; the river that enriches the regions of science.

Dac. Of which river, Sir Thomas, you are the source; here we quaff: *Et purpureo bibimus ore nectar.*

Sir Tho. Purpureo! Delicate, indeed, Mr Dactyl! Do you hear Mr. Bever? *Bibimus ore nectar.* You, young gentlemen, must be instructed to quote; nothing gives a period more spirit than a happy quotation, nor has indeed a finer effect at the head of an essay. Poor Dick Steel! I have oblig'd him with many a motto for his fugitive pieces.

Puff. Ay; and with the contents too, or Sir Richard is foully beli'd.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Roger Dowlas.

Sir Tho. Pray desire him to enter. (*Exit Servant.*) Sir Roger, gentlemen, is a considerable East-India proprietor; and seems desirous of collecting from this learned assembly some rhetorical flowers, which he hopes to strew with honour to himself and advantage to the company, at Merchant-Taylors Hall. (*Enter Sir Roger Dowlass.*) Sir Roger be seated. This gentleman has, in common with the greatest orator the world ever saw, a small natural infirmity; he stutters a little: but I have prescrib'd the same

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remedy that Demosthenes used, and don't despair of a radical cure. Well, Sir, have you digested those general rules:

Sir Rog. Pr—ett—y well, I am obl—g'd to you Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. Have you been regular in taking your tincture of sage, to give you confidence for speaking in public?

Sir. Rog. Y—es, Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. Did you open at the last general court?

Sir Rog. I attem—p—ted fo—ur or fi—ve times?

Sir Tho. What hinder'd your progress?

Sir Rog. The pe—b—bles.

Sir Tho. Oh, the pebbles in his mouth. But they are only put in to practise in private; you should take them out when you are addressing the public.

Sir Rog. Yes; I will for the fu—ture.

Sir. Tho. Well, Mr. Rust, you had a tete-a-tete with my niece. A-propos, Mr. Bever, here offers a fine occasion for you; we shall take the liberty to trouble your Muse on their nuptials: O Love! O Hymen! here prune thy purple wings; trim thy bright torch. Hey, Mr. Bever?

Bev. My talents are at Sir Thomas Lofty's direction; tho' I must despair of producing any performance worthy the attention of so complete a judge of the elegant arts.

Sir Tho. Too modest, good Mr. Bever. Well, Mr. Rust, any new acquisition, since our last meeting to your matchless collection?

Rust. Why, Sir Thomas, I have both lost and gain'd since I saw you.

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Sir Tho. Lost! I am sorry for that.

Rust. The curious sarcophagus, that was sent me from Naples by Signior Belloni—

Sir Tho. You mean the urn that was supposed to contain the dust of Agrippa?

Rust. Supposed! no doubt but it did.

Sir Tho. I hope no sinister accident to that inestimable relic of Rome?

Rust. 'Tis gone.

Sir Tho. Gone! oh, illiberal! what stolen I suppose by some connoisseur?

Rust. Worse, worse; a prey, a martyr, to ignorance; a housemaid that I hir'd last week mistook it for a broken green chamber-pot, and sent it away in the dust-cart.

Sir Tho. She merits impaling. Oh, the Hun!

Dac. The Vandal!

All. The Visigoth!

Rust. But I have this day acquir'd a treasure that will in some measure make me amends.

Sir Tho. Indeed! what can that be?

Puff. That must be something curious, indeed.

Rust. It has cost me infinite trouble to get it.

Dac. Great rarities are not to be had without pains.

Rust. It is three months ago, since I got the first scent of it; and I had been ever since on the hunt, but all to no purpose.

Sir Tho. I am quite upon thorns till I see it.

Rust. And yesterday, when I had given it over, when all my hopes were grown desperate, it fell into my hands by the most unexpected and wonderful accident.

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Sir Tho. *Quod optanti divum promittere nemo*
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro,
Mr. Bever, you remark my quotation?

Bev. Most happy. Oh, Sir, nothing you say can be lost.

Rust. I have brought it here in my pocket; I am no churl; I love to pleasure my friends.

Sir. Tho. You are, Mr. Rust, extremely obliging.

All. Very kind, very obliging indeed.

Rust. It was not much hurt by the fire.

Sir Tho. Very fortunate.

Rust. The edges are soil'd by the link, but many of the letters are exceedingly legible.

Sir Rog. A li—ttle roo—m, if you pl—ease.

Rust. Here it is; the precious remains of the very North-Briton that was burnt at the Royal-Exchange.

Sir Tho. Number Forty-five?

Rust. The same.

Bev. You are a lucky man, Mr. Rust.

Rust. I think so. But gentlemen I hope I need not give you a caution: hush—silence—no words on this ma ter.

Dac. You may depend upon us.

Rust. For as the paper has not suffered the law, I don't know whether they may not seize it again.

Sir Tho. With us you are safe, Mr. Rust. Well, young gentleman, you see we cultivate all branches of science.

Bev. Amazing, indeed! But when we consider you, Sir Thomas, as the directing, the ruling planet, our wonder subsides in an instant. Science from law

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the day, with Socrates in the Attic portico; her early years were spent with Tully in the Tusculan shade! but her ripe, maturer hours, she enjoys with Sir Thomas Lofty near Cavendish-square.

Sir Tho. The most classical compliment I ever receiv'd! Gentlemen, a philosophical repast attends your acceptance within. Sir Roger, you'll lead the way. (*Exeunt all but Sir Thomas and Bever.*) Mr. Bever, may I beg your ear for a moment? Mr. Bever, the friendship I have for your farther, secured you, at first a gracious reception from me; but what I then paid to an old obligation, is now, Sir, due to your own particular merit.

Bev. I am happy, Sir Thomas, if—

Sir Tho. Your patience. There is in you Mr. Bever, a fire of imagination, a quickness of apprehension, a solidity of judgment, join'd to a depth of discretion, that I never yet met with in any subject at your time of life.

Bev. I hope I shall never forfeit—

Sir Tho. I am sure you never will; and to give you a convincing proof that I think so, I am now going to trust you with the most important secret of my whole life.

Bev. Your confidence does me great honour.

Sir Tho. But this must be on a certain condition.

Bev. Name it.

Sir Tho. That you give me your solemn promise to comply with one request I shall make you.

Bev. There is nothing Sir Thomas Lofty can ask that I shall not cheerfully grant.

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Sir Tho. Nay, in fact it will be serving yourself.

Bev I want no such inducement.

Sir Tho. Enough. But we can't be too private. *(Shuts the door.)* Sit you down. Your Christian name, I think, is—

Bev. Richard.

Sir Tho. True; the same as your father's: come let us be familiar. It is, I think, dear Dick, acknowledged that the English have reach'd the highest pitch of perfection in every department of writing but one—the dramatic.

Bev. Why, the French critics are a little severe.

Sir Tho. And with reason. Now to rescue our credit, and at the same time give my country a mode, *(shows a manuscript)*, see here.

Bev. A play!

Sir Tho. A *chef d' œuvre.*

Bev. Your own?

Sir Tho. Speak lower. I am the author.

Bev. Nay, then there can be no doubt of its merit.

Sir Tho. I think not. You will be charm'd with the subject.

Bev. What is it, Sir Thomas?

Sir Tho. I shall surprise you. The story of Robinson Crusoe. Are not you struck?

Bev. Most prodigiously.

Sir Tho. Yes; I knew the very title would hit you. You will find the whole fable is finely conducted; and the character of Friday, *qualis ab incepto*, nobly supported throughout.

Bev. A pretty difficult task.

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Sir Tho. True; that was not a bow for a boy. The piece has long been in rehearsal at Drury-Lane Play-house, and this night is to make its appearance.

Bev. To-night.

Sir Tho. This night.

Bev. I will attend, and engage all my friends to support it.

Sir Tho. That is not my purpose; the piece will want no such assistance.

Bev. I beg pardon.

Sir Tho. The manager of that house, (who, you know is a writer himself), finding all the anonymous things he produc'd (indeed some of them wretched enough, and very unworthy of him) plac'd to his account by the public, is determin'd to exhibit no more without knowing the name of the author.

Bev. A reasonable caution.

Sir Tho. Now, upon my promise (for I appear to patronise the play) to anounce the author before the curtain draws up, Robinson Crusoe is advertis'd for this evening.

Bev. Oh, then you will acknowledge the piece to be yours.

Sir Tho. No.

Bev. How then?

Sir Tho. My design is to give it to you.

Bev. To me!

Sir Tho. To you.

Bev. What, me the author of Robinson Crusoe?

Sir Tho. Ay.

Bev. Lord Sir Thomas it will never gain credit: so complete a production the work of a stripling!

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Besides Sir, as the merit is yours, why rob yourself of the glory?

Sir Tho. I am entirely indifferent to that.

Bev. Then why take the trouble?

Sir Tho. My fondness for letters, and love of my country. Besides, dear Dick, though the *pauci & selecti*, the chosen few, know the full value of a performance like this, yet the ignorant, the profane (by much the majority) will be apt to think it an occupation ill suited to my time of life.

Bev. Their censure is praise.

Sir Tho. Doubtless. But indeed my principal motive is my friendship for you. You are now a candidate for literary honours, and I am determin'd to fix your fame on an immoveable basis.

Bev. You are most excessively kind; but there is something so disengenuous in stealing reputation from another man.

Sir Tho. Idle punctilio!

Bev. It puts me so in mind of the daw in the fable.

Sir Tho. Come, come, dear Dick, I won't suffer your modesty to murder your fame But the company will suspect something; we will join them, and proclaim you the author. There, keep the copy; to you I consign it for ever; it shall be a secret to latest posterity. You will be smother'd with praise by our friends; they shall all in their bark to the playhouse; and there,

Attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale. [*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter BEVER, *reading*.

So ends the first act. Come, now for the second. "Act the second, showing,"—the coxcomb has prefac'd every act with an argument too, in humble imitation, I warant, of Mons. Diderot—"Showing the fatal "effects of disobedience to parents: "with, I suppose, the diverting scene of a gibbet; an entertaining subject for comedy. And the blockhead is as prolix; every scene as long as an homily. Let's see how does this end? "Exit Crusoe, and enter some savages dancing a saraband." There's no bearing this abominable trash. (*Enter Juliet.*) So, Madam; thanks to your advice and direction, I am got into a fine situation.

Jul. What is the matter now, Mr. Bever?

Bev. The Robinson Crusoe.

Jul. Oh, the play that is to be acted to-night. How secret you were! Who in the world would have guess'd you was the author?

Bev. Me, Madam!

Jul. Your title is odd; but to a genious every subject is good.

Bev. You are inclin'd to be pleasant.

Jul. Within they have been all prodigious loud in the praise of your piece? but I think my uncle rather more eager than any.

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Bev. He has reason; for fatherly fondness goes far.

Jul. I dont understand you.

Bev. You don't!

Jul. No.

Bev. Nay Juliet, this is too much: you know it is none of my play.

Jul. Whose then?

Bev. Your uncle's.

Jul. My uncle's! Then how in the name of wonder, came you to adopt it?

Bev. At his earnest request. I may be a fool; but remember, Madam, you are the cause.

Jul. This is strange; but I can't conceive what his motive could be.

Bev. His motive is obvious enough; to screen himself from the infamy of being the author.

Jul. What, is it bad, then?

Bev. Bad! most infernal!

Jul. And you have consented to own it?

Bev. Why, what could I do? He in a manner compell'd me.

Jul. I am extremely glad of it.

Bev. Glad of it! Why, I tell you 'tis the most dull, tedious melancholy—

Jul. So much the better.

Bev. The most flat piece of frippery that ever Grub-street produc'd.

Jul. So much the better.

Bev. It will be damn'd before the third act.

Jul. So much the better.

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Bev. And I shall be hooted and pointed at where-ever I go.

Jul. So much the better.

Bev. So much the better! Zounds! so I suppose, you would say if I was a going to be hang'd. Do you call this a mark of your friendship?

Jul. Ah, Bever, Bever! you are a miserable politician: do you know, now, that this is the luckiest incident that ever occurred?

Bev. Indeed!

Jul. It could not have been better laid, had we plann'd it ourselves.

Bev. You will pardon my want of conception; but these are riddles.

Jul. That at present I have not time to explain. But what makes you loit'ring here? Past six o'clock, as I live! Why your play is begun; run, run to the house. Was ever author so little anxious for the fate of his piece!

Bev. My piece!

Jul. Sir Thomas! I know him by his walk. Fly; and pray all the way for the fall of your play. And do you hear, if you find the audience too indulgent, inclin'd to be milky, rather than fail, squeeze in a little acid yourself. Oh, Mr. Bever, at your return let me see you before you go to my uncle; that is, if you have the good luck to be damn'd.

Bev. You need not do bt that.

[*Exit.*

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Enter Sir THOMAS LOFTY.

Sir Tho. So, Juliet; was not that Mr. Bever?

Jul. Yes, Sir.

Sir Tho. He is rather tardy; by this time his cause is come on. And how is the young gentleman affected? for this is a trying occasion.

Jul. He seems pretty certain, Sir.

Sir Tho. Indeed I think he has very little reason for fear. I confess I admire the piece, and feel as much for its fate as if the work was my own.

Jul. That I most sincerely believe, I wonder, Sir, you did not choose to be present.

Sir Tho. Better not. My affections are strong, Juliet, and my nerves but tenderly strung; however, intelligent people are planted, who will bring me, every act, a faithful account of the process.

Jul. That will answer your purpose as well.

Sir Tho. Indeed I am passionately fond of the arts, and therefore can't help—Did not somebody knock? No. My good girl, will you step, and take care that when any body comes, the servants may not be out of the way? (*Exit Juliet.*) Five-and-thirty minutes past six; by this time the first act must be over: John will be presently here. I think it can't fail; yet there is so much whim and caprice in the public opinion, that—This young man is unknown; they'll give him no credit. I had better have own'd it myself: reputation goes a great way in these matters;

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people are afraid to find fault; they are cautious in censuring the works of a man who—Hush! that's he: no; 'tis only the shutters. After all I think, I have chosen the best way; for if it succeeds to the degree I expect, it will be easy to circulate the real name of the author; if it fails, I am conceal'd; my fame suffers—no—There he is. (*Loud knocking*) I can't conceive what kept him so long. (*Enter John*) So, John; well; and—but you have been a monstrous while.

John. Sir, I was wedg'd so close in the pit, that I could scarcely get out.

Sir Tho. The house was full, then?

John. As an egg, Sir.

Sir Tho. That's right. Well, John, and did matters go swimmingly? Hey?

John. Exceedingly well, Sir.

Sir Tho. Exceedingly well. I don't doubt it. What, vast clapping and roars of applause, I suppose.

John. Very well, Sir.

Sir Tho. Very well, Sir! You are damn'd costive, I think. But did not the pit and boxes thunder again?

John. I can't say there was over-much thunder.

Sir Tho. No! Oh, attentive, I reckon. Ay, attention; that is the true, solid, substantial applause. All else may be purchas'd; hands move as they are bid: but when the audience is hush'd, still, afraid of loosing a word, then—

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John. Yes, they were very quiet, indeed, Sir.

Sir Tho. I like them the better, John; a strong mark of their great sensibility. Did you see Robin?

John. Yes, Sir; he'll be here in a trice; I left him list'ning at the back of the boxes, and charg'd him to make all the haste home that he could.

Sir Tho. That's right, John; very well; your account pleases me much, honest John. (*Exit John.*) No I did not expect the first act would produce any prodigious effect. And, after all, the first act is but a mere introduction; just opens the business, the plot, and gives a little insight into the characters; so that if you but engage and interest the house, it is as much as the best writer can flatt—(*Knocking without.*) Gadso! what, Robin already? why the fellow has the feet of a Mercury. (*Enter Robin.*) Well, Robin; and what news do you bring?

Rob. I, I, I——

Sir Tho. Stop, Robin, and recover your breath, Now, Robin.

Rob. There has been a woundy uproar below.

Sir Tho. An uproar! what at the play-house?

Rob. Ay.

Sir Tho. At what?

Rob. I don't know: belike at the words the play-folk were talking.

Sir Tho. At the players? How can that be? Oh, now I begin to perceive. Poor fellow, he knows but little of plays: What, Robin, I suppose, hallooing, and clapping, and knocking of sticks.

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Rob. Hallooing! Ay, and hooting too.

Sir Tho. And hooting!

Rob. Ay, and hissing to boot.

Sir Tho. Hissing! you must be mistaken.

Rob. By the mass, but I am not.

Sir Tho. Impossible! Oh, most likely some drunken disorderly fellows that were disturbing the house, and interrupting the play; too common a case; the people were right, they deserv'd a rebuke. Did not you hear them cry, Out, out, out!

Rob. Noa; that was not the cry; 'twas Off, off, off!

Sir Tho. That was a whimsical noise. Zounds! that must be the players. Did you observe nothing else?

Rob. Belike the quarrel first began between the gentry and a black-a-moor man.

Sir Tho. With Friday! The public taste is debauch'd; honest nature is too plain and simple for their vitiated palates! *(Enter Juliet.)* Juliet, Robin brings me the strangest account; some little disturbance; but I suppose it was soon settled again. Oh, but here comes Mr. Staytape my taylor; he is a rational being; we shall be able to make something of him. (*Enter Staytape.*) So, Staytape; what is the third act over already?

Stay. Over, Sir! no; nor never will be.

Sir Tho. What do you mean?

Stay. Cut short.

Sir Tho. I don't comprehend you.

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Stay. Why, Sir, the poet has made a mistake in measuring the taste of the town: the goods, it seems, did not fit; so they return'd them upon the gentleman's hands.

Sir Tho. Rot your affectation and quaintness, you puppy! speak plain.

Stay. Why, then, Sir, Robinson Crusoe is dead.

Sir Tho. Dead!

Stay. Aye; and what is worse, will never rise any more. You will soon have all the particulars; for there were four or five of your friends close at my heels.

Sir Tho. Staytape, Juliet, run and stop them. Say I am gone out; I am sick; I am engag'd: but whatever you do, be sure you don't let Bever come in. Secure of the victory, I invited them to the celebr——

Stay. Sir, they are here.

Sir Tho. Confound——

Enter PUFF, DACTYL, *and* RUST.

Rust. Aye, truly, Mr. Puff, this is but a bitter beginning: then the young man must turn himself to some other trade.

Puff. Servant, Sir Thomas; I suppose you have heard the news of——

Sir Tho. Yes, yes; I have been told it before.

Dac. I confess, I did not suspect it; but there is no knowing what effect these things will have till they come on the stage.

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Rust. For my part, I don't know much of these matters; but a couple of gentlemen near me, who seem'd sagacious enough too, declar'd, that it was the vilest stuff they ever had heard, and wonder'd the players wou'd act it.

Dac. Yes: I don't remember to have seen a more general dislike.

Puff. I was thinking to ask you, Sir Thomas, for your interest with Mr. Bever, about buying the copy; but now no mortal would read it. Lord, Sir, it would not pay for paper and printing.

Rust. I remember, Kennet, in his Roman antiquities, mentions a play of Terence's, Mr. Dactyl, that was terribly treated; but that he attributes to the peoples fondness for certain *funambuli*, or rope-dancers; but I have not lately heard of any famous tumblers in town: Sir Thomas, have you?

Sir Tho. How should I? do you suppose I trouble my head about tumblers?

Rust. Nay I did not.

Bev. (*speaking without.*) Not to be spoke with! Don't tell me, Sir; he must, he shall.

Sir Tho. Mr. Bever's voice If he is admitted in his present disposition, the whole secret will certainly out. Gentlemen, some affairs of a most interesting nature makes it impossible for me to have the honour of your company to-night; therefore I beg you would be so [illegible]ed as to——

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Rust. Affairs! no bad news? I hope Miss Julé is well.

Sir Tho. Very well; but I am most exceedingly—

Rust. I shall only just stay to see Mr. Bever: poor lad! he will be most horribly down in the mouth!—a little comfort won't come amiss.

Sir Tho. Mr. Bever, Sir! you won't see him here.

Rust. Not here! why, I thought I heard his voice but just now.

Sir Tho. You are mistaken, Mr. Rust; but——

Rust. May be so; then we will go. Sir Thomas, my compliments of condolence, if you please, to the poet.

Sir Tho. Ay, ay.

Dac. And mine; for I suppose we shan't see him soon.

Puff. Poor gentleman! I warrant he won't show his head for these six months.

Rust. Ay, ay; indeed, I am very sorry for him; so tell him, Sir.

Dac. and Puff. So are we.

Rust. Sir Thomas, your servant. Come, gentlemen. By all this confusion in Sir Thomas, there must be something more in the wind than I know; but I will watch, I am resolv'd. [*Exeunt.*

Bev. (without.) Rascals, stand by! I must, I will see him.

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Enter BEVER.

So, Sir; this is delicate treatment, after all I have suffer'd.

Sir Tho. Mr. Bever, I hope you don't—that is—

Bev. Well, Sir Thomas Lofty, what think you now of your Robinson Crusoe? a pretty performance!

Sir Tho. Think, Mr. Bever! I think the public are blockheads; a tasteless, stupid, ignorant tribe; and a man of genius deserves to be damn'd who writes any thing for them. But courage, dear Dick; the principals will give you what the people refuse; the closet will do you that justice the stage has deny'd: Print your play.

Bev. My play! Zounds, Sir, 'tis your own.

Sir Tho. Speak lower, dear Dick; be moderate, my good, dear lad!

Bev. Oh, Sir Thomas, you may be easy enough; you are safe and secure, remov'd far from that precipice that has dash'd me to pieces.

Sir Tho. Dear Dick, don't believe it will hurt you: the critics, the real judges, will discover in that piece such excellent talents———

Bev. No, Sir Thomas, no. I shall neither flatter you nor myself; I have acquir'd a right to speak what I think. Your play, Sir, is a wretched performance; and in this opinion all mankind are united.

Sir Tho. May be not.

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Bev. If your piece had been greatly receiv'd, I would have declar'd Sir Thomas Lofty the author; if coldly, I would have own'd it myself; but such disgraceful, such contemptible treatment! I own the burden is too heavy for me; so Sir, you must bear it yourself.

Sir Tho. Me, dear Dick! what to become ridiculous in the decline of my life; to destroy in one hour, the fame that forty years has been building! that was the prop, the support of my age! Can you be cruel enough to desire it?

Bev. Zounds, Sir! and why must I be your crutch? Would you have me become a voluntary victim? No, Sir, this cause does not merit a martyrdom.

Sir Tho. I own myself greatly oblig'd; but persevere, dear Dick, persevere; you have time to recover your fame; I beg it with tears in my eyes. Another play will—

Bev. No, Sir Thomas; I have done with the stage, the muses and I meet no more.

Sir Tho. Nay, there are various roads open in life.

Bev. Not one where your piece won't pursue me: If I go to the bar, the ghost of this curst comedy will follow, and hunt me in Westminster-[illegible]l. Nay, when I dye, it will stick to my memory, and I shall be handed down to posterity with the author of *Love in a Hollow Tree.*

Sir Tho. Then marry: You are a pretty smart figure: and your poetical talents—

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Bev. And what fair would admit of my suit, or family wish to receive me? Make the case your own, Sir Thomas; would you?

Sir Tho. With infinite pleasure.

Bev. Then give me your niece; her hands shall seal up my lips.

Sir Tho. What, Juliet? Willingly. But are you serious? Do you really admire the girl?

Bev. Beyond what words can express. It was by her advice I consented to father your play.

Sir Tho. What, is Juliet appriz'd? Here, Robin, John, run and call my niece hither this moment. That giddy baggage will blab all in an instant.

Bev. You are mistaken; she is wiser than you are aware of.

Enter JULIET.

Sir Tho. Oh, Juliet! you know what has happen'd?

Jul. I do, Sir.

Sir Tho. Have you reveal'd this unfortunate secret?

Jul. To no mortal Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. Come, give me your hand. Mr. Bever, child, for my sake, has renounced the stage, and the whole republic of letters; in return, I owe him your hand.

Jul. My hand! what to a poet hooted, hissed, and exploded! You must pardon me, Sir.

Sir Tho. Juliet, a trifle! The most they can say of him is, that he is a little wanting in wit; and he has so many brother writers to keep him in countenance, that now-a-days that is no reflection at all.

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Jul. Then, Sir, your engagement to Mr. Rust.

Sir Tho. I have found out the rascal: he has been more impertinently severe on my play than all the rest put together; so that I am determined he shall be none of the man.

Enter RUST.

Rust. Are you so, Sir? what, then, I am to be sacrific'd, in order to preserve the secret that you are a blockhead: but you are out in your politics; before night it shall be known in all the coffee-houses in town.

Sir Tho. For heaven's sake, Mr. Rust!

Rust. And to-morrow I will paragraph you in every newspaper; you shall no longer impose on the world: I will unmask you; the lion's skin shall hide you no longer.

Sir Tho. Juliet! Mr. Bever! what can I do?

Bev. Sir Thomas, let me manage this matter. Harkee, old gentleman, a word in yonr ear? you remember what you have in your pocket?

Rust. Hey! how! what!

Bev. The curiosity that has cost you so much pains.

Rust. What, my Æneas! my precious relict of Troy!

Bev. You must give up that or the lady.

Jul. How, Mr. Bever?

Bev. Never fear; I am sure of my man.

Rust. Let me consider. As to the girl, girls are plenty enough; I can marry when I will: But my paper, my phœnix, that springs fresh from the flames, that can never be match'd—Take her.

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Bev. And as you love your own secret, be careful of ours.

Rust. I am dumb.

Sir Tho. Now, Juliet.

Jul. You join me, Sir, to an unfortunate bard; but, to procure your peace———

Sir Tho. You oblige me for ever. Now the secret dies with us four. My fault. I owe him much.

Be it your care to show it;
And bless the man tho' I have damn'd the poet.

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BUCKS, HAVE AT YE ALL;

OR

THE PICTURE OF A PLAY-HOUSE.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

YE social friends of claret and of wit,
Where'er dispers'd in merry groups ye sit;
Whether below ye gild the glittering scene,
Or in the upper regions oft have been;
Ye bucks assembled at your Ranger's call,
Damme, I know ye—and have at you all!
The motive here that sets our bucks on fire,
The generous wish, the first and last desire;
If you will plaud its echo to renown,
Or, urg'd with fury, tear the benches down;
'Tis still the same—to one bright goal we haste,
To show your judgment and approve your taste.
'Tis not in nature for ye to be quiet:
No, demme, bucks exist but in a riot.
For instance now—to please the ear and charm th' admiring crowd,
Your bucks o' the boxes sneer and talk aloud:
To the green box next with joyous speed you run,
Hilly-ho! ho! my bucks! well, damn it, what's the fun?
Tho' Shakespeare speaks—regardless of the play,
Ye laugh and loll the sprightly hours away:
For to seem sensible of real merit,
O, damme, 'tis low, 'tis vulgar beneath us lads of spirit.
Your bucks o' the pit are miracles of learning,
Who point out faults to show their own discerning;

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And, critic-like, bestriding martyr'd sense,
Proclaim their genius and vast consequence.
The sidelong row, whose keener views of bliss
Are chiefly center'd in a favourite miss;
A set of jovial bucks who here resort,
Flush'd from the tavern, reeling, ripe for sport.
Wak'd from their dream, oft join the general roar,
With bravo, bravo—bravissimo, eh damme, encore!
Or, skipping that, behold another row,
Supply'd by citizens or smiling beau;
Addressing Miss, whose cardinal protection
Keeps her quite safe from rancorous detraction;
Whose lively eyes beneath a down-drawn hat,
Gives hint she loves a little——you know what.
Ye bucks above, who range like gods at large—
Nay, pray, don't grin, but listen to your charge—
You who design to change this scene of raillery,
And out-talk players in the upper gallery;
Oh there's a youth, and one o' the sprightly sort—
I don't mean you—damme you've no features for't—
Who slily skulks to hidden station
(While players follow their vocation)
Whistle off, off, off! Nosee, roast-beef—there's
education,

Now I've explor'd this mimic world quite thro',
And set each country's little faults to view;
In the right sense receive the well-meant jest,
And keep the moral still within your breast;
Convinc'd I'd not in heart or tongue offend,
Your hands acquit me, and I've gain'd my end.

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